

MARCH 12, 1979

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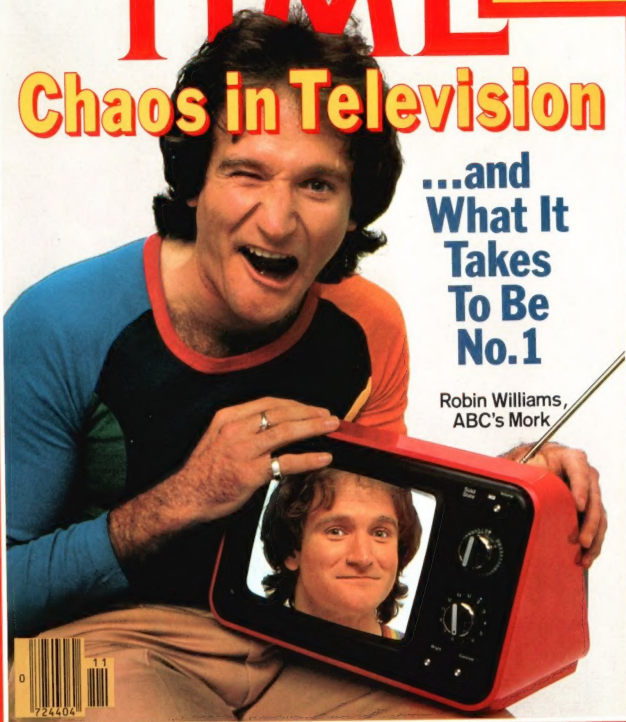
The U.S.: Powerless?
No, Says a
TIME Panel

TIME

Chaos in Television

...and
What It
Takes
To Be
No.1

Robin Williams,
ABC's Mork



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U.S. GOVERNMENT REPORT: CARLTON LOWEST.

Carlton claim confirmed.

Many cigarettes are using national advertising to identify themselves as "low tar." Consumers, however, should find out just how low these brands are—or aren't. Based on U.S. Government Report:

14 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Vantage.

11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Merit.

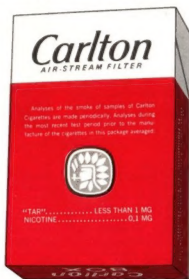
11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Kent Golden Lights.

6 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one True.

The tar and nicotine content per cigarette of selected brands was:

| | tar mg. | nicotine mg. |
|--------------------|---------------|-----------------|
| Vantage | 11 | 0.8 |
| Merit | 8 | 0.6 |
| Kent Golden Lights | 8 | 0.7 |
| True | 5 | 0.4 |
| Carlton Soft Pack | 1 | 0.1 |
| Carlton Menthol | less than 1 | 0.1 |
| Carlton Box | less than 0.5 | 0.05 |

This same report confirms of all brands, Carlton Box to be lowest with less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine.



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Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol:
1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette—FTC Report May '78.

A Letter from the Publisher

Before writing this week's cover story on the hot war for ratings points among the three commercial television networks, Associate Editor Gerald Clarke staged his own offensive to obtain appointments with the top official at each. After loosing a barrage of phone calls and an enfilade of promises to "go anywhere any time" to meet them, Clarke finally managed to interview CBS's Paley and ABC's Pierce in Manhattan, and helped arrange a breakfast in Beverly Hills between NBC's Silverman and Correspondent James Willwerth. That triple play represents the first time all three executives have granted interviews for a story on their industry.

Some journalists who cover TV consider Paley, 77, a particularly elusive subject, but Clarke discovered the chairman of CBS to be gracious and cooperative. Their 1½-hour meeting took place in Paley's office, a "wonderfully opulent but understated room," according to the TIME visitor, with paintings by Picasso and Rouault and a *chemin de fer* table from Paris now used as a desk and, for this occasion, a tape recorder. "I asked Paley if he minded if I used my tape recorder," says

Clarke. "No," he replied, "as long as you don't mind if I use mine." Later, he asked me to send him a transcript, explaining that he had pressed his pause button and lost the first 15 minutes." Happily, Clarke had not hit his pause button too.

A continent and several worlds away, Correspondent Willwerth relied on only his pen and notebook as he grilled Cover



Willwerth noting Robin Williams' stand on yoga

Figure Robin Williams, the otherworldly star of ABC's *Mark & Mindy*. "He was a pleasure," says Willwerth, "shy, thoughtful, complex, deeply concerned with his art. He is most revealing when talking about the value of 'staying bozo' as a defense against the harsher realities of life on earth." Willwerth, however, almost came unboozed when he accompanied the comedian to a yoga class, where Williams invited him to, well, look at the world from a different perspective. "Taking notes was impossible," jokes Willwerth. "The ink in my ballpoint pen

wouldn't run uphill." The journalist now sees television from a different angle. Says he: "At night I watch only the specials; during the day I watch the executives outmaneuver each other."

John C. Meyers

Cover: Photograph by Michael Dressler.

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60 Cover: Beldam comes to broadcasting as the TV networks fall all over each other in the race to be No. 1. Upstart ABC seems rooted in first place, but the 1980 Moscow Olympics could rescue last-place NBC. See TELEVISION.



12 Nations: Jimmy Carter and Israel's Menachem Begin try again to salvage Middle East peace. ▶ California's Jerry Brown goes east to try out his act. ▶ An angry woman tries to beat Chicago's political machine—and wins.



28 Special Report: TIME convenes a panel of Middle East experts to suggest new U.S. policy in the turbulent Crescent of Crisis. Their consensus is that Washington has blundered badly, but even Iran is not lost—if the U.S. acts fast.

32 World

The Ayatullah Khomeini goes home to the holy city of Qum, leaving Prime Minister Bazargan to tame Iran's revolution. ▶ China's "punitive" war against Viet Nam drags on, but who is punishing whom? ▶ The two Yemens go at it again. ▶ Elizabeth II returns to Britain with a Queen's ransom.

44 Energy

Oil prices zoom, shortages loom, and the White House takes little action. ▶ The murky world of spot oil.

82 Theater

Sweeney Todd shows that music and horror don't mix. ▶ *On Golden Pond* is a 14-karat salute to the golden years.

53 Essay

Is there a blueprint for revolution? Iran's uprising is a complicated mix of classic revolt and Muslim revivalism.

84 Environment

New studies show that nuclear radiation may be harmful to your health at doses once thought to be safe.

70 Living

The *New Yorker* profiles an unnamed restaurant and its mysterious chef, touching off a tempest in a turbot.

86 Science

A plucky American traveler visits a giant planet and sends home a surprising gift package of pictures and data.

75 Music

At the Paris Opera, Albin Berg's *Lulu* gets a musically thrilling production and regains a long-missing last act.

89 Economy & Business

Amid a heritage of chaos, China lowers its development goals and faces reality. ▶ Blumenthal's Shanghai "roots."

76 Cinema

Norma Rae and *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder* are two new films that ought to soar, but sink to stereotype.

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BY BRANIGAR

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Letters

Einstein's Year

To the Editors:

Einstein's prophetic genius [Feb. 19], his comprehensive intellect, were more than a legacy—they were a promise for the future.

Frank Neutzling
San Jose, Calif.

He was not merely an intellectual genius, but an incredibly humble and dedicated man.

Robert M. Freedman
Toronto



On one hand, I hold Einstein in awe and respect. On the other, I have a sense of pity for this humanist and pacifist, who through his quest for understanding the natural universe has locked into place a chain of events that perhaps will dehumanize or destroy man.

Words of his come to my mind—"With the discovery of the atom, everything changed, except for man's thinking. Because of this we drift toward unparalleled catastrophe."

Matthew Flamm
Albany, N.Y.

I was dismayed that as the basis of your cover portrait you used, without authorization, my well-known photograph of the moving face of Albert Einstein.

Phillipe Halsman
New York City

The rediscovering of Einstein reminds one of a quotable quote attributed to him: "Imagination is more important than knowledge."

P.Y. Su
New York City

Rewriting the Constitution

To allow today's politicians to call a second constitutional convention [Feb. 19] would be like doing a remake of *Gone With the Wind* with Woody Al-

len as Rhett and Phyllis Diller as Scarlett. Not only is the casting inappropriate, but it would ruin a masterpiece.

Steve Smalling
Waterloo, Iowa

A constitutional convention is an excellent idea politically, economically and spiritually. It might force action from an unresponsive Congress, stop the Government from printing so much money, and let Americans know that their system of Government still allows them to be heard.

Mitchell T. Moore
Daytona Beach, Fla.

The Cults and Christianity

The interesting thing about TIME's article "Cult Wars on Capitol Hill" [Feb. 19] was not the hearing on cults by Senator Dole, but the fact that Cynthia Slaughter reconverted to the Moonies. If a person is deprogrammed from a cult, is there anything that the Christian community can offer? Apparently Slaughter didn't think so.

Charles Warner
Oxford, Ohio

I question your characterization of me as a "highly suggestible sort" because I was deprogrammed and then reconverted to the Unification Church. After long soul-searching I realized that the divine principle, the revelation of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, was true. There is a spiritual revolution taking place, and all the deprogrammers in the world can't stop it.

Cynthia Slaughter
New York City

Remove the profit motive from Religion & Co. by abolishing its tax-exempt status. This will help balance the budget, and remove most of the hypocrites, kooks and crooks from the ranks. Filling out an IRS form is powerful therapy!

Peter F. Erb
Bermuda

Rules for Premarital Sex

With regard to Reader Newell's comments on the suit against Actor Lee Marvin by his ex-roommate [Feb. 19], what every girl learns at a very young age is that a double standard governs premarital intercourse and its entanglements. In this country the male emerges from these situations morally untainted and financially untapped. It may not be within our immediate grasp to change social mores, but it is possible to end some of the financial discrimination.

Barbara Ann Petersen
Madison, Wis.

Slogan Power

I would like to take issue with Frank Trippett's Essay "Slogan Power! Slogan Power!" [Feb. 12]. He states that the prob-

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FLIGHT 8: Daily 747 return service to Seattle/Tacoma

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Letters

lem has never been to get people to think about doing something, but to get them to act. Not so. The problem has always been to get them to think clearly and rationally before they act.

Richard A. Luhrs
Fairborn, Ohio

It becomes obvious that the Carter Administration's slogan should be THE NEW ORDEAL.

Ruth Clausing
Rochester

The Pioneers of P.R.

It hardly detracts from the flair or achievement of the late Ben Sonnenberg [Feb. 12] to point out that he was not, as Robert Hughes declares, the last surviving "pioneer" of public relations. Surely that distinction belongs to Edward L. Bernays, Sonnenberg's senior by more than a decade, who is still going strong at 87.

Draper Hill
Detroit

No Romance on the Road

Your shallow article on truck drivers [Feb. 19] is an injustice to those of us who are successful. I own one truck. I drive it. I succeed because it's not a game, it's a business. It's not the last frontier; it's not a macho response to the world.

Romance is great but it doesn't cut it at —30°.

Peter L. Keys
Salt Lake City

Truckers used to be the best drivers on the road. Over the past ten years, however, they have come to think they own the highways. They tailgate, switch lanes and constantly exceed the speed limit. I know that I depend on the goods they deliver, but Lord, deliver me from them when they're on the freeway!

Barbara J. Struthers
St. Louis

Public vs. Private Broadcasting

In your summary of the Carnegie Commission Report on Public Broadcasting [Feb. 12], I am quoted as saying with respect to public radio, "It's hard to get an audience for fund raising, let alone raise the funds." I wish it had been clear that I was speaking in the context of a competition with public television for public dollars. Where the public television station is one of three or four channels, and the public radio station is one out of 40 or 50, the contest is not likely to be equal. Whenever it is, we do quite well.

Frank Mankiewicz, President
National Public Radio
Washington, D.C.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

ELISABETH KÜBLER-ROSS, M.D.

Stress Test

Reactions to a spouse's terminal illness.

This excerpt from the book On Death and Dying is re-printed with permission of Dr. Kübler-Ross and Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc., New York.

... She (the wife) may feel threatened by the loss of security and the end of her dependence on her husband. She will have to take on many chores previously done by him and will have to adjust her own schedule to the new, strange, and increased demands. She may suddenly have to get involved in business matters and their financial affairs, which she previously avoided doing.

If hospital visits are involved, arrangements may have to be made for transportation and for babysitters during her absence. There may be subtle or dramatic changes in the household and in the atmosphere at home, to which the children will also react, thus adding to the burden and increased responsibility of the mother. She will suddenly be faced with the fact that she is — at least temporarily — a lone parent.

With the worries and concerns about her husband, added work and responsibility also comes increased loneliness and — often — resentment. The expected assistance from relatives and friends may not be forthcoming or may take on forms which are both bewildering and unacceptable to the wife. Neighborly advice may be rejected as it may add to rather than decrease the burden. On the other hand, an understanding neighbor who does not come to "hear the latest" but who comes to relieve the mother of some of her tasks, cook an occasional meal, or take the children to a play, can be greatly appreciated...

A husband's sense of loss may even be greater, since he may be less flexible or at least less used to concerning himself with matters of children, school, after-school activities, meals, and clothing. This sense of loss may appear as soon as the wife is bedridden or limited in her functioning. There may be a reversal of roles which is more difficult to accept for a man than it is for a woman. Instead of being served, he may be expected to serve. Instead of getting some rest after a long day's work, he may watch his wife sit on his couch watching television. Consciously or unconsciously he may resent these changes, no matter how much he understands the rationale behind it. "Why did she have to get sick on me, when I just started this new project?" one man said. His reaction is a frequent and understandable one, when we look at it from the point of view of our unconscious. He reacts to his wife as the child responds to mother's desertion. We often tend to ignore how much of a child is still in all of us. Such husbands can be helped greatly by giving them an opportunity to ventilate their feelings, e.g., by finding a helping hand for one evening a week during which time he can go bowling perhaps, enjoying himself without feelings of guilt and be letting off some steam which he can hardly do in the house of a very sick person.

Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, M.D.



Elisabeth
Kubler-Ross, M.D.

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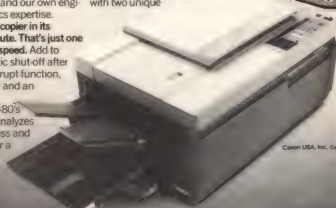
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American Scene

In Hanover: The Big Green Battle of the Sexes

Through the drifts a young man chases a young woman who has quite deliberately stolen his hat and is just as deliberately allowing herself to be wrestled into the snow. Near by, a friend calls to his roommate, "Just let me get a picture of you in your wild and crazy cross-country skis." The roommate strikes a pose: "Hey, I'm just a Nordic guy." A visiting sophomore from New Haven says to her date, "We don't have winter sports like these at Yale. We have crime."

It is Winter Carnival time again, and up at Dartmouth College nearly everything seems to be in place. Boys and girls together. Beer flowing like champagne in the frat houses. The temperature at 15° below and more than a foot of snow on the ground. The population of Hanover, N.H., swollen to nearly twice normal size for the long weekend, as 4,000 dates stream into town from as far off as Southern Methodist University.

On the college green, backed by the high white tower of Baker Library, stands a huge snow sculpture of a prospector panning for gold, so tall (25 ft.) and so frozen that it had to be finished off by students climbing around with pitons and ice axes. On the hilly parts of the college golf course, assorted men of Dartmouth are cheerfully risking life and limb at a crowd-pleasing contest called the Downhill Canoe Race. The Skyway Lodge is full of schussers past and schussers yet-to-be, dates, officials, boots, parkas, day-packs, the friendly slurp of gulped hot chocolate, the crunch of doughnuts being engulfed, the smells of wet wool and wood smoke.

But even in a winter paradise these days, things are seldom what they seem. When Adam and Eve first stumbled out of the Garden, Adam supposedly turned to his partner and remarked, "My dear, we live in an age of transition." The same can be said of Dartmouth today. And of its carnival, which has figured in the romantic or rowdy reveries of Dartmouth men for decades. It all goes back to 1909. That was the year, at least, when an inventive sophomore named Fred Harris (class of 1911) first urged the formation of a ski-and-snowshoe club to organize social activities, the better to avoid going bonkers from cabin fever and the absence of the feminine touch.

The festivity that resulted eventually had a Winter Carnival Queen. The title and the role went out of style in the early '70s. Now the queen is celebrated only in a wonderfully awful 1939 Ann Sheridan movie that plays to packed houses at carnival time so liberated students can hoot at chaste girls "just dying to get pinned."

In addition to a queen, the carnival used to have a fine frenzy, a curious blend of gallantry and frustrated longing. Dartmouth men gladly vacated their fraternities and dorms so female guests could

or was this the doorway to Eden? No one could say. But presumably because of the pain involved, the addition of women students has been taken in small doses. Even now, only 30% of the students are women. Their uneasy presence, plus coed dormitories and steadily changing sexual mores, have taken some of the old frenzy out of carnival. This is not to say that Dartmouth has now achieved a kind of truce in the ancient battle of the sexes, that easy friendliness and naturalness that unisex advocates always confidently predict Dartmouth women feel alternately

belittled and beleaguered. Says one young woman, class of '79: "You have to learn in the first few weeks of being here how to say no without feeling guilty about it." Dartmouth men, especially jocks and fraternity men—the latter also only 30% of the student population—frankly lament the change. "What's wrong with four years without women?" a fraternity boy asks. Just lately the faculty has stirred a certain amount of rage and despair in many a Big Green breast by urging the college to abolish its 22 fraternities on grounds that they are antithetical to academic progress, unhealthy for social conduct, as well as being noisy centers of alcoholic disruption and childish antics.

A visitor begins to sense some of the change when a bus from Wellesley, what the unrefined at Dartmouth call a "meat wagon," pulls up outside the Hanover Inn. A cute, brown-haired girl hops out of the doorway, her loosely tied sleeping bag unrolling all over her arms. "Not too optimistic, eh?" a passing male snickers, suggestively eyeing the bag. "Maybe," she answers lightly. But she can't quite pull it off between the sleeping bag and her uncertainty, a thin red blush swims up over her face. Clearly, life was easier in some ways when girls were expected to sleep in separate quarters.

"Have you seen many of the women up here?" a fraternity man asks the visitor during a discussion of education at Dartmouth. "I doubt if the Playboy people could find anybody they'd want. Men get in here because they're good athletes and are generally pretty good looking. Women get in because they are smart." The view is not confined to inquiring males. At the Cheese, Etc., a coffee house



Dartmouth students shaping up a carnival stagecoach sculpted in snow

be sedately accommodated. Professors and their wives opened their homes and acted as chaperones to their students' dates. There was a great cooperative scurry to find segregated living quarters. "In those days," recalls Physics Professor John Kidder, "you could go all week without seeing a woman on campus. Then came carnival and women were everywhere. It made the whole place electric." Says another old grad: "You can't imagine the anticipation, the apprehension, the inevitable letdown."

But in 1972 Dartmouth's all-male world was shocked to the tips of its sweatsocks and the carnival was irrevocably altered when the college became coed, the last Ivy League school to do so. Had the bite been taken out of the apple,



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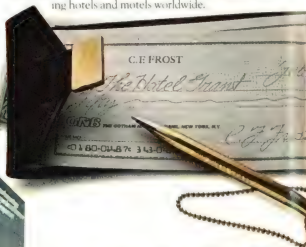
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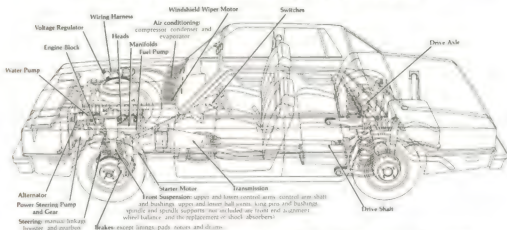
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American Scene

crowded most of the weekend with Dartmouth men and their out-of-town dates, one boy says to his girl, "It's so good to see a real woman again."

On carnival nights at least, girls are warned not to go near Theta Delta Chi House, locally known as Boom-Boom Lodge, without taking a solidly protective date. Theta, like Alpha Delta, provided most of the raw material used by Chris Miller, Dartmouth '63, when he wrote *Animal House*. Surely here, a visitor thinks, will be found just the bunch of "animals" to make every dream, or nightmare, of collegiate debauchery come true.

Not so. Frat parties do indeed blast through the nights. But to an outsider they very much resemble freshman mixers everywhere in the country. Large, smoky rooms, reeking of beer and shuddering to the sound of loud music, are often filled with revelers shoulder to shoulder. Clusters of boys approach clusters of girls like amoebas making tentative contact. The approach is sometimes individual. At one frat party a red-faced boy holding a beer edges closer and closer to an apparently preoccupied brunette. "Hi," he says, over the music. "Where are you from?" "Wheaton College," she says, giving him nothing. "Oh," says the boy. "What's your major?" The girl moves away. So does the boy, to another girl. "Hi," he says. "Where are you from?"

Even upstairs, diffidence rather than debauchery seems rampant. In the darkened Alpha Delta TV room, for instance, a girl with piled-up blond hair seems absorbed in the 11 o'clock news. A frat brother approaches her. "If I don't see the news I feel out of touch," she explains, rather breathlessly. "But if you want to change it to *Saturday Night Live*, it's O.K. with me." He does, and they sit together watching. In quiet darkness, or boozy haze, most of the conversation seems as timeless and fraudulent as ever. "You got a date?" "No babe yet. But it's early." "Well, lacrosse tryouts are coming up next week. Coach doesn't like us going in for stuff like that. It cuts your wind."

Mornings after, fraternity brothers are draped across beat-up furniture like limp spaghetti. At most fraternity houses just about the only sign of civilization is a composite picture of the members that hangs over the fireplace. Upstairs in Theta House a green banner forlornly proclaims, WHEN BETTER WOMEN ARE MADE, DARTMOUTH MEN WILL MAKE THEM. Through halls that seem to carry scars from ancient battles, a brother who has just wakened stumbles along, scratching his chest and testing the elastic of his underwear. He is sucking sleepily on a lollipop. "Boy did I get messed up last night," he mutters, turning lazily toward the showers. Another brother offers the visitor an opinion: "Every time there is anything all-male, the women can't wait to break in."

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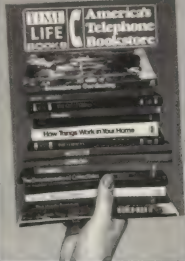
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1979 CHRYSLER NEWPORT.



Changing times: Israeli Premier Begin, with Cyrus Vance, as he arrived for his meeting in Washington. Inset: the triumph of Camp David

TIME/MAR. 12, 1979

No Spirit of Camp David

But Carter and Begin meet for one last try to save the peace talks

Menachem Begin was adamant. Even before he took off last week for a summit conference with Jimmy Carter, Israel's flinty Premier made it clear that he was not planning any concessions to anyone, anywhere, under any pressure. If he accepted the new U.S. proposals for an Israeli-Egyptian peace settlement, he declared, there would no longer be any peace treaty. "It would in fact turn into a treaty of war," he said. "And war needs no treaties; in war, cannons are needed." Arriving at Andrews Air Force Base 14 hours later, he remained just as stern as ever. Said Begin: "We cannot be pressed into signing a sham document."

Jimmy Carter was hardly more diplomatic. Speaking at a dinner for the nation's Governors on the eve of Begin's arrival, he called the deadlocked Middle East negotiations "one of the most frustrating and discouraging experiences I have ever had in my life." He termed the differences between the two sides "some absolutely insignificant difficulties" and added, "It is just disgusting almost to feel that we are that close and can't quite get it."

So began, just five months after the smiling embraces that climaxed the Camp David summit, one of the most inauspicious confrontations in years. Not only did the two leaders meet in a spirit of tension, but the meeting itself was agreed upon only after a series of misunderstandings and misfortunes. Yet on it probably hung the last slim hope of the peace process that Egypt's President Anwar Sadat had begun by his "sacred mission" to Jerusalem in November of 1977. Since then, even since Camp David, drastic changes had jeopardized prospects of peace in the Middle East. The latest of these, the Islamic revolution in Iran, had cut off half of Israel's oil supply and brought new strength to the Palestinians. And Carter was no longer the hero of Camp David, but a weakened leader, beset by upheavals from Viet Nam to Iran to Africa. A New York Times-CBS poll showed that a mere 30% of those asked approved of his handling of foreign affairs.

Realizing that the negotiations were at the brink of collapse—"in deep crisis," as Begin put it—the two leaders met somberly at the White House. For two hours last Thursday, three more Friday and in an after-dinner session Saturday, surrounded by maps and documents, they shut themselves up in the Oval Office and argued their differences. Neither side, according to insiders, gave an inch. On the key issue of whether or how to tie the Is-

a new proposal that essentially supported the Egyptian view on the question of autonomy, Vance also sided with the Egyptian position that ambassadors would not be exchanged until after the Israelis had totally withdrawn from the Sinai Peninsula, and he suggested new language designed to permit Egypt to maintain its military agreements with other Arab states despite the treaty with Israel. Dayan opposed the provisions.

THE WHITE HOUSE—AP

Carter had said there would have to be "signs of flexibility" before he would call a new summit, but despite the deadlock, he decided to try for a summit anyway. Sadat, who had authorized Khalil to negotiate for him, refused to come and join in the deadlock. But since Dayan admitted that he did not have real negotiating power, Carter plunged on and asked Begin to come.

Dayan phoned Begin and told him of the invitation. The Prime Minister initially agreed to come. But when informed that the Egyptian President was not coming to Washington, he changed his mind. Said Begin: "If Sadat is not coming, why should I come? I think I will stay at home." They agreed, however, that the final decision would be left to the Israeli Cabinet.

Sunday, both Khalil and Dayan met with Carter in the White House. "I am glad to learn that progress was made at this Camp David meeting," Carter said, and then he praised the idea of a meeting with Begin. Dayan, shifting uncomfortably in his chair, finally snapped, "No progress." Carter, as if unhearing, continued to lecture his visitors on the virtues of the new "progress."

That same Sunday, the Israeli Cabinet met for four hours and decided that Dayan should return to Israel and brief the ministers before a Tuesday decision on the summit invitation. Acting on Begin's instructions, Dayan told the Americans that the Cabinet had not yet decided, and he asked Carter to delay any announcement of his invitation until a decision was made. The President was losing patience. According to Israeli sources, Carter did issue a warning, which both



Begin pouring wine for Carters at Friday-night Sabbath dinner

Building a deadlock firmly on the foundation of an earlier one.

raeli-Egyptian agreement to a grant of autonomy for the Palestinians of the West Bank and Gaza, there was no sign of compromise at all. The U.S. has come out in favor of the Egyptian demand for a target date of autonomy one year after the treaty is signed. Israel refuses.

The deadlock was built firmly upon an earlier one. In an effort to get the stalled Camp David process moving, the U.S. had invited Egyptian Premier Moustafa Khalil and Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan to return to Camp David on Feb. 21 for more negotiations. In four days of discussion, the two sides politely exchanged views and got nowhere. U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance submitted

Nation

the White House and Dayan later denied: "If we do not conclude negotiations within the coming ten days, the U.S. will have to reassess its Mideast policy."

The White House began summoning reporters early Sunday afternoon. Dayan had been told that Carter thought the Israeli Cabinet would leak word of his invitation, and so at 2:45 p.m., Carter smilingly told the world, "In light of the developments in the talks at Camp David this past week, we are discussing with the two governments the possibility of moving these negotiations to the head-of-government level later this week." The President left little doubt that he expected Begin to meet with Khalil and himself.

In Israel that night, Begin was furious. He confided to a friend: "Like an

Carter and his aides were shocked by this rejection. Rarely had Carter appeared to miscalculate so badly. He had ignored or misunderstood the warnings by Dayan, and now he had risked his own prestige by announcing the invitation.

A press conference had been scheduled for 4 p.m. on Tuesday. To cancel it would look as if Carter were ducking the obvious questions about why things had gone so wrong, but it would be difficult to produce a good answer. White House aides scurried anxiously among their offices, trying to find a solution. The President kept his normal schedule, but at one public appearance, launching a reform of the federal civil justice system, he seemed weak and distracted. He spoke in a weak voice and stumbled through his remarks. Eventually, Carter grasped the reed

Carter planned to attend, until the meetings with Begin were scheduled. He sent Vice President Walter Mondale instead."

But Carter is also under new pressures on the Arab side. Not only have the radical Palestinians won the strong support of Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini, who ousted the Israeli diplomatic delegation in Tehran two weeks ago and replaced it with representatives of Yasser Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization, but most moderate Arab states oppose the whole attempt to negotiate a partial peace treaty without a definite Palestinian settlement. Saudi feels—and U.S. officials share his feeling—that further concessions could lead to his downfall.

Especially worrisome has been the attitude of the Saudi Arabians. They were irritated at the initial Camp David agreement, which U.S. officials had hoped they would support. Now they have begun to delay payments on the more than \$1 billion of aid they give Egypt each year, a sum critical to Sadat's impoverished nation. For years, the U.S. has carefully courted the Saudis, seeking their aid in keeping world oil prices down and their support for Sadat's peace efforts. Although the Saudis have produced increasing volumes of oil (up from 7.7 million bbl. per day last summer to 9.5 million bbl. per day)—against the wishes of many members of the royal family, who would rather conserve more of their reserves for future sale—they have not been able to hold down oil prices. And they have done nothing to reassure Sadat.

"The prospects for Camp David are nil," said one Saudi official early last week. Moreover, the Saudis distrust Carter's insistence on pursuing the settlement.

"The present Administration has no room to maneuver diplomatically," added this official. "It is one dimensional. It has no options. It is like a horse with blinders plodding through, unaware that all around are flames. We call out danger, and they do not hear." This inability or unwillingness to read signals is increasingly one of the weaknesses in the much criticized Carter foreign policy.

The signals the Administration sends out are troubling, too. With U.S. friends in the Middle East worried that the fall of the Shah of Iran shows the vulnerability of any regime and the inability of the U.S. to protect its allies, Defense Secretary Harold Brown and Energy Secretary James Schlesinger tried some tough talk, saying that the U.S. might intervene militarily to protect oil supplies in the area. But the Persian Gulf countries were not assuaged. Said Kuwaiti Foreign Minister Sheikh Sabah Al-almad Al-Jaber Al-

"The timing seemed remarkably inauspicious, but last weekend Carter took the first public step to seek renomination in 1980. He authorized his wife Rosalynn, Mondale, and his top aide, Hamilton Jordan, to make calls to about 300 influential people around the country announcing the formation of a campaign committee.



Arab, a Polish gentleman does not like to be humiliated."

Monday, Dayan flew home to try to explain the events of the past few days. When he arrived, he found both Cabinet ministers and Knesset members reacting angrily over what appeared to them Carter's effort to put all the public pressure on Begin, while not insisting that Sadat attend. One Israeli denounced the "rude and brutal tactics" employed by the U.S.

The Israeli Cabinet conducted a six-hour meeting on Tuesday and rejected Carter's invitation by a vote of 14 to 2. Begin was among the 14. Only Dayan and Defense Minister Ezer Weizman voted to accept, reasoning that it was a tactical mistake for Begin to take the blame for the breakdown in negotiations. When Begin announced the refusal, he carefully refrained from slamming the door on any further discussion. Said he: "The Prime Minister is prepared at any time convenient to President Carter to leave for the U.S. to meet with the President to discuss matters relating to the peacemaking process." But he ruled out any negotiations with the Egyptians.

that Begin had offered. At 2:30 Tuesday afternoon, he telephoned Begin and invited him to a meeting at Camp David between just the two of them. Begin agreed to the trip but insisted that the talks be held in Washington so that he could explain his arguments to the press and to members of Congress.

Begin had a ready audience in the American Jewish community. Last week, there was a distinct worsening in its perception of Carter that often trailed off into bitterness. "Jimmy Carter is using Billy Carter tactics," said Raymond Epstein, past president of the National Council of Jewish Federations. Added Herschel Auerbach, national vice president of the Zionist Organization of America: "Time and again, the U.S. has given in to Arab blackmail. Carter is pushing Israel and trying to get them to endanger their own security." Noted one important Jewish lobbyist in Washington: "It's reaching the point where a lot of us feel 'A.B.C.'—Anybody But Carter." Jews are casting about for an alternative. In California, a primarily Jewish group organized a protest dinner last week in opposition to a large Democratic Committee fund raiser that

Sabah: "It was irresponsible and tantamount to the law of the jungle." And Carter soon toned down his Cabinet members' assertiveness. Said Carter at his press conference: "Any sort of action that we take would not encroach on the prerogatives of individual nations, and we do not intend to become involved in the internal affairs of another country." Like the repeated misunderstandings between Washington and the world, this changeability seems to be inherent in Carter's handling of foreign relations.

As the Carter-Begin impasse continued to the weekend, reported TIME Correspondent Christopher Ogden, the U.S. side had difficulty predicting what lay ahead. There was no optimism, only an enduring, primal drive to push on, to keep trying, because the stakes were so high. If the meeting produced only a stalemate, as expected, the U.S. had no fallback plans, no hopeful visions of the next stage. Said one normally effervescent official in a tone of despondency: "Who the hell knows what happens next?"

Washington diplomats are thinking in terms of so-called worst-case scenarios. Collapse of the talks, they believe, would lead first to Sadat's return to the Arab fold. Whether the Egyptian President is accepted back and becomes more militant or whether he is accepted and undermined by his rivals, the consequences

are similar. Either way, the stalemate would make the Middle East in general and Egypt in particular more vulnerable to Soviet influence.

Stalemate would also heighten instability in the region, lead to additional radicalization of moderate Arabs and make further violence likely among Palestinians on the West Bank and Gaza, who have been biding their time while the peace process has been playing out.

U.S. officials do not intend to give up, but admit they are running out of new ideas. They are prepared to go a long way in trying to help guarantee Israel's security—a guarantee, however, that Israel has never sought and does not want because in the long run it feels it cannot rely on such promises.

If there is an absolute stalemate in this round, Vance will probably fly to the Middle East to brief the leaders, solicit their thoughts about a next step and try to uphold the idea that there will be a next step.

After a reasonable interval, there could be a new move to get talks started again, this time very possibly using the comprehensive approach rather than the step-by-step method. As one U.S. official puts it: "It has already happened ten or 15 times that either Israel or Egypt has said, 'This is our final statement.' Yet

somehow things always get going again." Still, the failure could only diminish U.S. influence in the Middle East. Said one foreign policy analyst: "It would demonstrate to the Arabs that the U.S. can't deliver Israel. Many people will wonder if it can deliver anything at all."

Despite all of Carter's troubles, his aides say he maintains a kind of stubborn confidence in the basic correctness of his views. That confidence was somewhat bolstered from an unlikely source last week, when Moscow finally indicated its affirmation of the SALT II treaty.

Said President Leonid Brezhnev: "It appears that the work of more than six years is now close to completion. Of course, in some ways the treaty, from our point of view, could have been better... On the whole, however, this is a good and important thing."

Brezhnev's speech kindled hopes in Washington that a U.S.-Soviet summit meeting and a signing of the SALT II accords could occur in April or May. The growing sense of Carter's diplomatic weaknesses, fed by last week's peace-talk troubles, makes it all the more possible that the U.S. Senate will not ratify the SALT II agreements once they are signed. But as one of Carter's closest aides said of the Begin meeting, "As long as there is a straw out there, we have to keep trying to grasp it."

The Man Begin Won't See

The man whom Menachem Begin refused to meet last week, Egypt's Premier Moustafa Khalil, guards his privacy so carefully that he is not even listed in *Who's Who in Egypt*, but he most certainly does have the authority to negotiate for Egypt with Begin or anyone else. He enjoys not only the support of President Sadat but also considerable respect among both conservatives and liberals in Egypt.

Khalil, 58, is a highly skilled technocrat. Born into a prosperous farming family in the Nile Delta, he studied at the University of Illinois, where he earned a doctorate in engineering. A hard-driving and meticulous worker, he became minister of communications in the Nasser regime at the age of 36. As minister of oil and industry, he played a major role in the industrialization of Egypt during the 1950s and '60s, then broke with Nasser's leftist supporters and resigned from the government in 1966 to become a professor at the University of Cairo. An admirer of Western culture (his collection of classical records is reputed to be the finest in Cairo), Khalil also conceived the idea of one of the most effective weapons against the West: the Arab oil boycott of 1973 was his inspiration, which he sold first to the Saudis and then to the other Arab states.

Summoned to the premiership last October, Khalil took on the job of Foreign Minister just last month, effectively ending a bizarre, 14-month period of revolving-door occupancy of Egypt's Foreign Ministry. Ismail Fahmy began the shuffle by re-

signing abruptly in November 1977 after learning of Sadat's decision to visit Jerusalem. His deputy and successor, Mohammed Riad, bowed out only a few hours later. Riad's replacement, Boutros Ghali, cautiously named only acting Foreign Minister, gave way to Mohammed Kamel but took over once more in October of last year after Kamel resigned in protest at the results of the Camp David conference.

Once Premier, Khalil characteristically cracked down on corruption and inefficiency. Eleven former ministers are now under investigation. One of them, Ahmed Sultan, until recently minister of power and electricity, faces charges of accepting \$300,000 in bribes from Westinghouse. Khalil's other favorite target is Egypt's sluggish bureaucracy. He has begun decentralizing the system, delegating ministerial authority to rural governors and village headmen.

Among his plans: free and compulsory education for all Egyptians up to high school age, extensive electrification of rural areas, an end to press censorship, restriction on government control of TV and radio. But such plans depend greatly on the Middle East peace negotiations. In some ways, Sadat trusts Khalil to handle these negotiations more than he trusts himself. Sadat is visionary and mercurial; Khalil is cautious and dispassionate. Sadat relies on Khalil to weigh and analyze every Israeli proposal more carefully than Sadat himself might. As one Egyptian official put it, "Khalil would not rise and fall like the snake under the spell of Begin's music." If that music led to an actual treaty, of course, Sadat could hardly resist flying in to sign it—and Khalil would cheerfully stand on the sidelines and watch.



Khalil talking with reporters in Egypt

Nation

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

How to End Up No. 2

There is the worry around this company town that Jimmy Carter is just a bit too ready to accept second place, or, to use his words, "to adjust to the new realities." There are new realities about American power and resources and those of its adversaries and about this nation's ability to manage events in the world, but once you start to turn down your expectations and act unwilling or unable to sustain influence around the globe, the slide is hard to stop.

"I figure that if you start out to be No. 2," mused John Kennedy one night in the Oval Office when he was grappling with Nikita Khrushchev over Berlin, "then that is how you are going to end up." Even then, doubts about U.S. capabilities were beginning to creep into the official considerations. On that evening Kennedy walked over to the globe beside his desk, gave it a twirl, and traced with his finger the perimeter of the free world. How long could the U.S. continue to be the principal guardian of that endless frontier? he asked.

The frontier has changed, the nations on both sides have changed, and the convulsions seem to be accelerating. Carter's recent statements declining the role of world policeman have signaled almost everybody, intentionally or not, that as nations jostle for advantage, the U.S. plans to be just another member of the club.



GEORGE FAMES—THE NEW YORK TIMES

Spinning the globe and questioning U.S. role

are struggling through our Viet Nam guilt feelings and that the catharsis has taken its toll. Carter is a product of it. He began by rejecting many tokens of power and imperialism, even down to the way he dressed and spoke. His strategic sense, to the extent that anyone could figure it out, was to encourage a human rights campaign that would hold the perimeter of freedom even in the absence of a big Navy and an effective covert capacity. The evidence so far casts some doubt on the wisdom of that plan. Indeed, Carter himself has changed in some ways and, after promising to reduce defense spending, now seeks a larger budget.

Carter and his principal aides are struggling for some sound footing on the slippery slope they have helped to grease. Vice President Walter Mondale just a few days ago, talking to visiting editors, was condemning earlier U.S. covert operations in Chile. These "efforts to manipulate the internal affairs of another society," he suggested, would shame us for a generation. Parson's son that he is, Mondale in his fervor implied that the Administration felt that representing U.S. interests in such fashion was sinful, a position that shows some misunderstanding of what actually went on in Chile and why.

Just a few days before that, Carter gathered a bunch of Congressmen and women around him and talked about how the U.S. margin of power had begun to decline in Kennedy's time, about his idea that in adjusting to the new realities we had to rely more on trade, our religious heritage and human rights. Those who listened were impressed with the sincerity of the President and his collection of facts about people and places. But what did not add up was how this country was going to move beyond the disappointments in Iran and the Israeli-Egyptian impasse and go about protecting U.S. interests in Saudi Arabia, Turkey, Taiwan and other places. Sadly, many of the people who came away from the White House that night felt the President was spending his energy explaining and justifying America's decline rather than creating a realistic policy to retain respect and influence.

To be sure, Carter and his people do not talk that way in their major messages delivered around the world. But even while declaring that the U.S. intends to remain on top, the uncertain U.S. response to events and the constant babble of background doubts have created the aura that we just may be tired of trying to be No. 1.

There is no doubt that Former Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco is correct in his assessment that we

My Brother Billy

More First Family problems

"Billy is my brother. He is seriously ill at this point. I love him." With these emotional words, Jimmy Carter tried last week at his press conference to put an end to the ugly rumble of resentment over the increasingly reckless behavior of his younger brother Billy.

That behavior included two crude comments about Jews. When Aide Robert Strauss warned Carter that silence on these slurs was arousing widespread criticism, Carter authorized him to telephone the Washington Post and quote him as saying "You know, Bob, I just totally disassociate myself from his comments." That was still not enough. Asked at his news conference whether he would "deplore or condemn" Billy's statements, Carter insisted that his brother was not anti-Semitic and that he would not "allege to him any condemnation."

Carter and his aides apparently feel that Billy has been under so much emotional pressure lately that any fraternal rebuke might provoke even worse outbursts. Said one aide: "The President has been terribly upset about the whole thing, about his brother going to pot..." There were indeed reports last week that Billy was brooding, jittery and deeply despondent in the hospital in Americus, Ga., where he is confined for bronchitis. But his physician, Dr. Paul Brown, insisted that Billy was not "seriously ill." Said he: "Seriously ill means it could lead to his demise. That's not true with Billy." What was true was the revelation that the FBI is investigating possible irregularities in the handling by the National Bank of Georgia of a \$6.5 million credit line extended to the Carter peanut business in 1975. Billy was head of the business at the time, and the president of the NBG was Bert Lance, Jimmy Carter's first director of the Office of Management and Budget.

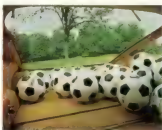
Another sour note in the Carter family week came when Gloria Carter Spann kept playing her harmonica in an American restaurant. Other customers complained. Police were called, vainly ordered the First Sister to stop, and finally arrested her for disorderly conduct.



Gloria Carter Spann with her harmonica
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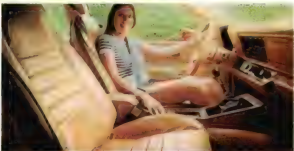
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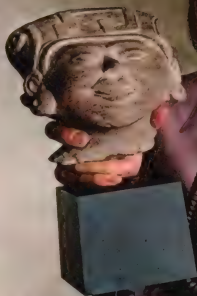
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BE CHOOSEY

Brown's Budget Balancing Act

The Californian tests campaign themes in the East

"Carry-on luggage only," was the order from Governor Jerry Brown's office in Sacramento to the dozen or so reporters, including TIME Los Angeles Bureau Chief William Rademakers, who followed him eastward last week. "The Governor does not like to wait."

Officially still undecided about challenging Jimmy Carter for the Democratic presidential nomination, Brown made it perfectly clear that he is already running hard. As he set off on a six-day campaign-testing trip to Washington, New York and Detroit, he sat among the commoners at the rear of the tourist section on TWA's Flight 890, alternately signing autographs for fellow passengers and consulting a thick red briefing book entitled "Economics of a Balanced Federal Budget." His goal, he said, was "to launch a national debate on amending the Constitution to balance the federal budget."

Brown hoped to use a normally somnolent winter meeting of the National Governors' Association as a forum for his nascent campaign. Although he did manage to make it the dominant subject at the conference, he made no headway at all in pushing his peers into backing the calling of a constitutional convention to require a balanced budget. A U.P.I. poll showed that 26 Governors were also opposed to thus amending the Constitution. Brown did not even dare introduce a resolution to endorse his new pet project. He did not want to risk the same kind of setback he had suffered the week before when his own California legislature rejected a call for such a convention.

The Governors did not take very kindly to Brown. When the Californian made a rhetorical pitch for a balanced budget as "the central issue of our time," Vermont's flinty Republican Governor Richard Snelling snapped back a curt reminder that the Governors' group had had a committee studying that very topic over the past year, that Brown was a member of the committee but had never attended its meetings, that he had not even answered Snelling's letter seeking views on which specific federal programs the states would like to see slashed. Said Snelling: "I think the born-again lines he uses are reasonably offensive to those of us who have worked to reduce taxes for years."

Indeed, as most of the Governors sat through windy discussions of matters on their minds, Brown fitted in and out, followed by reporters. He also declined an invitation to dine at the White House, which 42 other Governors accepted. The Governors finally voted only to reaffirm their earlier plea that the Administration balance the budget by fiscal 1981. Less formally, they asked that budget cuts not be made at the expense of federal revenue sharing with the states.

Though Brown scored no triumph among politicians, he did attract atten-

tion, with major interviews on all three networks and nightly appearances on the newscasts. He also made gains at a series of quiet meetings in New York. He talked with groups of blacks, Jews and business leaders. Howard M. Squadron, president of the American Jewish Congress, concluded guardedly that "Brown says the right things." During a three-hour dinner with Mayor Edward Koch, Brown impressed one of the mayor's aides as being "neither flaky nor overly philosophical, he's a good politician." Nevertheless, Koch, long a Carter supporter, indicated he still favored Carter over Brown for 1980.

Despite his mixed reception in the

sterile games of Metternich clones who want to play chess with the countries of this planet, but rather in a politics that recognizes that the central concerns are in protecting this planet and unifying the peoples of this earth."

More specifically, Brown ripped into "the medical-industrial complex" and the high costs of health care. "The hospital today is the equivalent of the cathedral of the Middle Ages," he charged. "There is a high priesthood; there are mandatory offerings." As hospitals and doctors enjoy more money, he said, "we get more surplus hospital beds, more surplus technology, and we create a medical arms race." Brown contended that the U.S. armed forces "have the highest tail-to-teeth ratio [support-to-combat troops] in the world. Cuts are possible; I say less tail and more teeth." He advocated some form of compulsory national service for young people.



The President's potential challenger at Georgetown University

Linda was in Australia, and questions about the White House went unanswered.

East, Brown was effective when answering questions spontaneously, whether from newsmen or his varied audiences. He dazzled a crowded auditorium of students at Washington's Georgetown University, even though the noisiest applause came when one of the students unfurled a sign asking HOW'S LINDA? Brown, who has been seeing Singer Linda Ronstadt, looked away in embarrassment, then replied: "She's in Australia, working. Beyond that, I won't say."

Brown intrigued audiences with his unorthodox, sometimes obscure, opinions. He termed the Administration's energy and economic policies "a pretzel palace of confusion." A foe of nuclear power, Brown charged that the White House had made "a Faustian bargain with radioactive technology that will last for hundreds of thousands of years." Brown urged Americans to "join together, not in the

including nonmilitary duty. "We serve the country not by just marching around with a rifle, but by aiding the sick, watching over the dying, renewing the cities, by bringing friendship to other nations."

There was one glaring omission in Brown's blasts at the Carter Administration: never a word on either the broad trends or specifics of foreign policy. "There is time enough for that," Brown said. The fact is that Brown's background in foreign affairs is just about as bare now as Carter's was before he became President. Brown hopes to start catching up, with crash tours of China, the Soviet Union, Israel and Western Europe.

But people keep wondering about Brown's style. One of his questioners in Detroit asked whether Brown, if elected President, would actually move into the White House. Said Brown: "I thought you'd ask whom I would move in with. But I refuse comment on either question." ■

The Lady and the Machine

Rebellious Jane Byrne knocks out the mayor of Chicago

The arrogance of the Democratic political machine powered for so long by the late mayor Richard J. Daley was more obvious than ever on the eve of last week's primary election.

"The machine may not be well oiled," proclaimed Alderman Vito Marzullo, "but it will never break down. Mayor Bilandic is going to swamp them." But break down it did.

Dissident Machine Democrat Jane Byrne, 44, a Daley protégé and for ten years commissioner of consumer sales, had become disenchanted with Michael Bilandic, 56, who was elected two years ago to succeed the Boss. In 1977, she charged that the new mayor had "greased" the way for an unwarranted taxicab rate increase. For that insubordination, Bilandic fired her. Veterans at city hall guffawed when the angry woman announced that she would challenge Bilandic for his job.

They were not laughing last week. The plucky Byrne knocked Bilandic out of office, winning the Democratic nomination as the party's candidate for mayor by some 17,000 votes out of more than 800,000 cast. She not only beat the machine but Chicago's business and newspaper establishment, which supported the incumbent. Byrne is an overwhelming favorite to win next month over her little-known opponent, Republican Stockbroker Wallace Johnson.

How did Byrne pull off the stunning upset? TIME Midwest Bureau

Chief Benjamin W. Cate reports:

Last fall Bilandic had looked unbeatable. An easy-going type who constantly sang Chicago's praises, he staged a successful summer festival along the lake-



The victorious candidate in rare moment of elation

front that attracted hundreds of thousands of fun seekers. He married a svelte socialite, Heather Morgan, and played the proud host to President Jimmy Carter, who slept in the mayor's house.

Then came January and February, with back-to-back blizzards and a winter long record 87 inches of snow. For more than a month the city that worked became the city that did not work. The snow was not removed. Residents, unable to use their cars on the drifted streets, waited in subzero cold for elevated trains or buses that never came. Yet every night, there was Bilandic on television, proclaiming that everything was fine, that the situation was under control.

As the uproar rose, it turned out the mayor had hired a former city hall crony to prepare a new snow-removal plan, and paid him \$90,000 to do it. The resulting 23-page paper proved to be hardly better than a high school essay. Then came revelations of similar huge consulting fees to other political buddies. Chicagoans' anger increased. Finally stung, Bilandic made a bizarre speech in which he likened the attacks on him to the Crucifixion and the criticism of the city to the Holocaust. He charged that the same "subversives" who had toppled governments in Iran and Cambodia were now trying to undermine Chicago.

Jane Byrne, meanwhile, trudged from campaign lunches to dinners and church socials, repeatedly assailing "grease jobs" and "snow jobs" and "deceit" and "greed." Although she was outspent 10 to 1 by the machine, the press amplified her cries. She repeatedly invoked the names of Daley and

"Give 'Em Hell, Janey!"

"A little spitfire," her second husband calls her. "Little Ms. Sourpuss" is how Chicago *Sun-Times* Columnist Mike Royko describes her. Either way, Jane Byrne's fierce and feisty campaigning appealed to disgruntled Chicagoans, who often welcomed the underdog mayoral candidate with cries of "Give 'em hell, Janey!"

One of six children of a vice president of Chicago's Inland Steel Co., Byrne attended Barat College in suburban Lake Forest, then married a Marine Corps pilot. A 1959 crash left her widowed with an 18-month-old daughter, and she plunged into politics. Her first hero was Jack Kennedy. She became secretary-treasurer of his Chicago Citizens Committee, and she worked so hard that even Mayor Daley heard about her. He became her second hero.

Daley took Byrne into city hall, at first giving her a minor poverty program post. But when he made her part of his cabinet as commissioner of consumer sales in 1968, she found a natural niche. Even in a city noted for its corruption, she was outraged by evidence of wrongdoing. She scolded butchers who peddled poor meat as high-grade cuts

and auto repairmen who faked car ailments. But sometimes she went too far. In 1976, when she complained about the "disheveled appearance" of the city's cabbies and ordered them to wear uniforms, they just laughed. She quietly rescinded the order.

As Byrne gained popularity, Daley appointed her a national Democratic committeewoman. When her mentor suffered a stroke in 1974, she loyally lashed out at those "little men of greed" and "political vultures" who seemed too eager to succeed him. Daley recovered and rewarded Byrne by making her his co-chairman of the powerful Cook County Democratic central committee. She had no illusion of really sharing power with Daley and knew he was mainly meeting national Democratic pressure to upgrade the role of women. But those "little men" at city hall resented her and when Daley died in late 1976, they knocked her off the central committee.

Once her victory was assured on election night, Jane Byrne did a most uncharacteristic thing: she smiled. Next day, she did something even wilder: she spent six hours at an Elizabeth Arden salon. Around Chicago's city hall, gum party workers warned each other that life would never be quite the same.



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John F. Kennedy, implying that they would have approved of her fight.

When election day arrived, the weather once again plagued Bilandic. It turned mild and sunny, and citizens turned out in near record numbers (57%) to vent their fury. Byrne won in 29 of the city's 50 wards, scoring most heavily in black neighborhoods whose residents blamed Bilandic for a transit authority decision

to eliminate several passenger stops so as to serve outlying white areas better. Many residents were also angry at Bilandic's having outmaneuvered black Alderman Wilson Frost, the council's senior member, for the temporary appointment to succeed Daley.

At Byrne's frenzied election-night headquarters, a long-haired young man seized the microphone and exulted:

"There is no more machine! There will never be a machine again!" He did not know Chicago. Shortly after the primary, Byrne called Cook County Democratic Party Chairman George Dunne and told him she did not want any split in the party. Dunne happily accepted the olive branch. "You know," said Dunne, in the midst of the defeat, "you can make peace with anyone."

Americana



Work Release Program

The curious thing about the surge of burglaries in Avenel, N.J., was their regularity: they all seemed to take place on Tuesdays and Thursdays between 6 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.

The mystery of the punctual professional burglars was finally solved when police arrested two inmates at nearby minimum security Rahway State Prison. Thomas Robinson, 31, and Melvin Muldrow, 29. Prison officials had discovered, they said, that the culprits would sneak out during the designated visiting hours, practice the trade for which they were originally sentenced, and sneak back in before they were missed. A stash of loot worth almost \$5,000 was found in the woods outside the prison.

The Monkey Man

Stories about shabby beggars who hoard secret fortunes are commonplace enough, but Eddie the Monkey Man, who died in his sleep last month at the age of 79, was unique. The son of a Jewish immigrant peddler in Pensacola, Fla., Eddie Bernstein lost both legs at the age of twelve when a train ran over him. He began riding around in a goat cart, selling newspapers. In the mid-'30s, he left the Depression-ridden South and moved to Washington, D.C., where he established himself on a wooden platform on F Street between 12th and 13th Streets. He joked and chattered and begged for his living. Women shoppers often took

pity on the legless panhandler, and one of them, Evalyn McLean, owner of the Hope diamond, gave him a capuchin monkey named Gypsy. It did tricks for what Bernstein called his "clients."

For more than 30 years, through three wars and half a dozen presidencies, Bernstein occupied his corner. But only in the spring and summer. Winters, the Monkey Man would disappear. In 1972 an envious beggar told a newspaper that Bernstein was rich (he was reputed to make up to \$150 a day) and had invested his wealth in Florida real estate. Bernstein rushed to the newspaper to complain. "If I had money and property," he protested, "do you think I'd be sitting out in the cold all day?"

In Pensacola, however, the Monkey Man was known as a prosperous businessman who wore sporty clothes and walked about on two artificial legs. He liked to read the *Wall Street Journal* and talk of his travels to Israel, Greece and Spain. He owned an \$80,000 building, containing a disco called the Red Garter, a home worth \$30,000, and had \$16,000 in cash, \$46,000 in Washington checking accounts and \$365,000 in a bond account with Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. Then why did he go on begging? Said his banker: "I think it was a lifelong habit."

A Marketing Squeeze

Christopher Harris, 40, a curly-haired Californian with tinted glasses, has an odd occupation. He steps out of a rented Cadillac limousine, approaches unwary pedestrians and asks: "Do you mind if I give you a huggie?"

The purpose of these impertinent propositions is supposed to be market research. An Ohio firm that sells animal-shaped plastic planters wondered whether sales would increase if its clerks hugged every customer.

Harris, a professional street pollster, has been seeking the answer to that momentous question for the past two months in Los Angeles, Chicago, Nashville, Miami and Fort Lauderdale. "I've been slapped and spit on and threatened with arrest," says he, "but by and large the response has been good." Some 1,000 people—more than 70% of those he has propositioned—embraced the idea.

Harris finds this a pleasant sign of changing times. "People are loosening up," Harris says. "They want to say hello on the elevator. They want to be friendly. If people hugged one or two times a day, they would feel relief from tension and anxiety. But many don't know how."

Close Encounters of a Kind

Is it possible that a cigar-shaped spaceship descended over the tiny town of Aurora, Texas (pop. 237), and crashed into Judge J.S. Proctor's windmill? And that a tiny spaceman was buried in the Aurora cemetery?

That was the tale sent to newspapers in nearby Dallas and Fort Worth one April day in 1897 by a local correspondent named S.E. Hayden. It was generally ridiculed at the time, and most citizens of Aurora still scoff. "Hayden wrote it as a joke and to bring interest to Aurora," says Etta Pegues, 86. "The railroad bypassed us, and the town was dying."

But UFO stories, told and retold, sometimes acquire a life of their own. Over the years some of the faithful have been trekking to Aurora to search for the small spaceman's grave. "Sometimes they take souvenirs, and a couple of years back somebody stole the spaceman's tombstone," says H.R. Idell, the town marshal, referring to a big rock with a mysterious-looking crack in it. "But mostly folks just poke around in the ruins."

Mrs. Pegues is scornful. Says she: "People wish so hard the story was true they really start believing it. Why, the judge never even had a windmill."



Special Report

Searching for the Right Response

A panel of experts tries to redefine U.S. policy for the crescent of crisis

Revolution in Iran. A souring of the important U.S. special relationship with Saudi Arabia. A looming economic crisis, and soon, caused by oil shortages and runaway price boosts. A danger that much of the region might change its tilt away from the U.S. and toward the Soviet Union. A Middle East peace seemingly more elusive than ever. These are the troubles and threats that America faces in the so-called crescent of crisis—that great swath of countries running from the Horn of Africa through Egypt and across the Middle East to Afghanistan and Pakistan. Here, more than in any other area of the world, the U.S. has vital interests that are threatened by forces it has not been able to control, and all too often seems unable to influence.

At his press conference last week, President Carter declared how important it was that the nations of this area "know that we have a real interest, a real national interest, in the stability and peace of that region, and particularly for the supply of oil, the routes through which the oil is delivered to ourselves and to our friends and allies throughout the world."

Friends and foes of the President could not agree more. But in the wake of the revolution in Iran, critics of the Administration, and some of its friends, have charged that the U.S. is not doing enough to convince the nations of the crescent that it does have "a real national interest in the stability and peace of that region." Republican National Committee Chairman Bill Brock, reflecting a frustration that was not entirely partisan, said last week that foreign policy, especially the

events in Iran, would be a key issue in the presidential campaign.

Last week the editors of TIME brought together seven foreign policy experts, some with long years of public service (see box), for a wide-ranging discussion on the upheavals in the crisis area and on what the U.S. could do to strengthen its influence there. The experts found signs of alarming weakness in supposedly friendly lands, and they found some encouraging elements in countries supposedly alienated from the U.S. They were convinced

enough to act, but what should the acting be? The group agreed that the Administration should move more firmly to exercise its leadership in the region—to create "options of power," in American University President Joseph Sisco's phrase—but there was disagreement about which options should be developed and how they might be used. The U.S. can no longer send in the Marines with impunity. Always in the background was the hard reality that the U.S. has long since lost its power to do almost anything

it wanted around the world, the kind of overwhelming role it enjoyed in the aftermath of World War II. As the panel's discussion lengthened, this vexing problem kept coming back to the table. Of course, the U.S. still has enormous strength. Of course, its vital interests are at stake in a threatened part of the world. Still, what precisely should the Administration do to help—and not hurt—U.S. national interests?



that the currents of change were running more swiftly than the Administration believed, and they were afraid, some more than others, that the U.S. was failing to act with enough power, or sophistication, or both, to bolster its interests in the region. Complained Richard Helms, the former CIA director and Ambassador to Iran: "My impression of the Administration is that it is 'big talk, little do.'"

On the other hand, there was a conviction that the U.S. was far from powerless: the country was amply strong

Unrest and Upheaval. The challenges cited by the panelists were many and varied. Iran is clearly lost as an ally. Saudi Arabia, the linchpin of the entire area, is very different from Iran but also highly vulnerable. Egypt, supported by the U.S., in part because of President Anwar Sadat's peace initiatives toward Israel, has serious economic problems, and corruption that is "worse than under Farouk," according to retired Career Foreign Service Officer Jim Akins. Turkey once again is the sick man of Europe, sliding into bankruptcy and desperately in need of financial aid.

Overhanging all the ferment is the

The Cast of Analysts

James E. Akins, 52, is a career Foreign Service officer, now retired, who was long a leading State Department Arabist and oil-policy expert. He served as U.S. Ambassador to Saudi Arabia from 1973 until late 1975, but was dismissed following policy disputes with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Akins felt Saudi Arabia, not Iran, should have been the prime focus of U.S. interests in the region.

James A. Bill, 40, is associate director of the Center for Middle Eastern Studies at the University of Texas and a top U.S. scholar on Iran, which he visits frequently. Bill forecast the Shah's downfall long before the fact, and has been mentioned as a possible U.S. Ambassador to Iran.

Richard M. Helms, 65, headed the CIA from 1966 to 1973, then became Ambassador to Iran until late 1976. He now heads an international consulting firm.

Walter Levy, 67, is the dean of petroleum consultants, a self-taught economist, tax expert and political scientist who advises oil companies and governments.

Dimitri K. Simes, 31, made the unusual jump from Moscow Americanologist to Washington Kremlinologist. A Jew, he was able to emigrate in 1973 and is now director of Soviet studies at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies.

Joseph J. Sisco, 59, is a career diplomat who undertook many peace-keeping missions to the Middle East, eventually becoming No. 3 in the State Department during the Nixon and Ford Administrations. He is now president of American University.

Dale R. Taitelbaum, 33, is assistant director of foreign and defense policy studies at the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative-oriented think tank in Washington. Though basically a conservative himself, he long opposed massive U.S. support for the Shah of Iran.



HELMS: "We're talking about power politics, and since we are, let's not apologize. Let's talk about it."

shadow of the Soviet Union, which has done little to promote the troubles but tries to capitalize on any chance to lessen U.S. influence. Said Kremlinologist Dimitri Simes: "I don't believe the Soviet Union has any grand design in this arc of instability, any master plan, any timetable. All those things belong to the imagination of some editorial writers and intelligence analysts." But Simes thinks that the Soviets are so eager to damage the U.S. that they will even act against some of their own national interests to do it.

For example, said Simes, the Soviets had good reason to be pleased with the Shah of Iran: he bought Soviet arms, "paying very quickly and in hard currency," and he supplied 45% of the natural gas used by three Soviet republics near the Iranian border. Also, the Soviets could not be happy about the rise of a militant Islamic nationalist movement on their borders, since the U.S.S.R. harbors millions of fervent Muslims.

Despite all that, says Simes, "the Soviets discovered that the situation in Iran was of great concern to the United States," and "as soon as they determined for themselves that the Shah had no chance, they immediately found that this was a terrible, corrupt, pro-American and generally horrible government." Moscow then directed much effective anti-U.S. propaganda into Iran. In the months ahead Moscow will be sharply looking for other such opportunities.

U.S. Policy Failures. In contrast to the opportunistic Soviet policy, several panelists felt, U.S. policy in the crescent has been myopic and timid. They complained that the Administration has done little more than issue statements outlining what it would not do. Policy, said Helms gloomily, "is sort of sloshing around. We have statements from our leaders that they don't want to interfere in anybody's internal affairs ever again. But if as a nation we are constantly saying that we don't want to interfere with anybody's national life under any circumstances, then

we can't do anything about the situation in the Middle East, and it is doomed to failure." Helms claimed that the tendency to rule out action in advance was why "so many people regard [Administration officials] as a bunch of beginners. You don't tip your hand before you play it."

Akins charged that the U.S. had not really understood the causes of the Iranian revolution. Said he: "There were only two issues. They weren't land reform; you talk to Iranians about land reform and they laugh at you. They weren't women's rights, rights of minorities, all the things that appeared in the American press. One issue was corruption: that included the military expenditures, which were enormous, and the grandiose industrial developments. The other was civil rights: the fact that people were arrested, murdered, tortured, and disappeared, tens of thousands of them."

Added Iranian Scholar Jim Bill: "There is a record of blundering in Iran—the story hasn't even begun to be told yet—that compromised our national interests in a very serious way in that part of the world. We continued to support a succession of losers. We supported the Shah to the absolute last possible moment. The only thing we didn't do for him is send troops. Then when his people drove him from the country, we switched to another loser. Anyone could see that [Shah-poor] Bakhtiari (whom the Shah named Prime Minister before he left Iran) was a loser. For a little more than a month, Bakhtiari played the game of losing, with us patting him on the back and providing him with support. Bakhtiari predictably is gone down the pipe also." Bill felt that the U.S. had thereby lost—though not irretrievably—a chance to influence the Khomeini-installed government.

Akins believed that the Administration did too little too late. Said he: "Every pro-American Iranian I know says the same thing: 'For God's sake, why didn't you put pressure on the Shah earlier to make concessions?' If he'd made the concessions a year earlier that he made in De-



AKINS: "We are no more capable of protecting the Saudis against internal subversion than we were the Shah."

cember, he could have looked forward to the ten or 15 years of tranquil reign that the CIA predicted."

One of the most important reasons for this excessive caution, several panelists declared, is an exaggerated fear of becoming entangled in another Viet Nam-style war. As he lectures in the U.S., Akins reported, he asks whether the U.S. should fight against a Soviet invasion of Saudi Arabia—admittedly a most unlikely event, but one that in his mind would call for as massive a response as a Soviet attack on West Germany. Said he: "The answer is usually: 'We have to move in, we should move in, we must move in—but we wouldn't move in.'"

Abroad, said Sisco, "the perception of the U.S. in the world today is that we have become paralyzed as a result of the Viet Nam syndrome." However, Sisco finds the public mood changing more rapidly than policymakers realize. "I am absolutely convinced that the Viet Nam syndrome is not broadly shared in the U.S., that the American people went through a psychological trauma at the gas station in 1974, and they are damned tired of appearing to be pushed around. I believe the American people have largely put Viet Nam behind them: they know what we are talking about when we speak of the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Peninsula being a vital interest."

Choices of Action. The U.S. must develop, and quickly, a policy demonstrating a will and commitment to remain involved in the crescent, and to use its power to protect its friends and vital interests there. Said Helms: "We're talking now about power politics, and since we are, let's not apologize for the fact; let's talk about it. We have all kinds of people who would be glad to know that the U.S. is in there and committed, and I think we would find, like a magnet, a whole lot of those filings coming toward us." There are many steps that the U.S. could take with both allies and opponents. Panelist Dale Tahntinen argued that Iraq, an important oil



SISCO: "The perception in the world today is that we have become paralyzed as a result of the Viet Nam syndrome."

Special Report

producer and supposedly pro-Soviet, has been making efforts "for the last five, six years, even longer than that" to develop contacts with the U.S. Partly this is because it is afraid of Iran, whoever may be in charge. And Tahtinen even saw opportunities for "low-level cooperation" between the U.S. and Afghanistan, which has a treaty with the U.S.S.R.

One vital step would be to shore up the friendly Bulent Ecevit government in Turkey. Said Tahtinen: "We have to find a way to keep the present Turkish government afloat, to provide it \$2 billion a year for the next five years to prevent a collapse." The aid should come, Tahtinen felt, not only from the U.S. but from other NATO countries and possibly Saudi Arabia, "which has an interest in stability in the region."

Saudi Arabia. More to the point, the U.S. and the West have a deep interest in maintaining stability in Saudi Arabia itself. Akins and others agreed that the U.S. could not let the Saudis and their oil fall into hostile hands. The country has some forbidding problems that could worsen in the years ahead. Though it does not engage in the kind of police terror that made the Shah so detested, the country is riddled with the same kind of corruption, which could eventually stir social resentment. Akins and others thought that the U.S. was asking too much of Saudi Arabia, which is not strong enough to be the bulwark of U.S. interests in the Middle East. The Saudis are being criticized by other Arab states for cooperating too closely with the U.S., and the result in Saudi Arabia, Akins reported, "is a growing wave of anti-Americanism that has never happened before."

Akins advocated a mixture of toughness and sympathy toward the Saudis. "The most important effort is to bring the corruption there under control, because it is great. Extraordinary agents' fees [fees demanded by well-connected Saudis on purchases from the U.S., often suspected of being ill-concealed bribes] have to be cut out. You can point out to them that this is a main topic of conversation in the country, as indeed it is." Since corruption causes social unrest, Akins considers this so important that he believed the warning should be delivered by President Carter "or an emissary of the President" to King Khalid, Crown Prince Fahd or another member of the Saudi royal family. He conceded that such a warning would be unwelcome to the Saudis, but thinks that they might grudgingly take it to heart. Indeed, Akins cites a fascinating historical footnote to buttress his point: "There are many Saudis who believe, and mind you, this is not true, that it was the pressure that President Kennedy put on King Faisal that resulted in the move toward liberalization of society in Saudi Arabia."

Second, said Akins, the U.S. must stop forcing the Saudis into taking actions that are perceived in the government and



SIMES: "I don't believe for a second that the Soviets have any grand design in this arc of instability."

in the country as a whole as anti-Saudi and anti-Arab. The Saudis tell me: 'The U.S. is pushing the government into taking positions against our interests in the economic field on oil production, oil capacity, oil prices, and politically is enticing this government to support you on Camp David far more than we think is in the interests of the Arabs.'"

Akins' most controversial recommendation bearing on the Saudis was to oppose an Egyptian-Israeli peace on the basis of the Camp David plan. Instead, he recommended pressing the Israelis to negotiate a comprehensive peace with the Arab states in which they would surrender all the territory gained after the 1967 War and agree to a Muslim presence in Jerusalem. Akins warned that Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states would stop all aid to Egypt if it reached a separate accord with Israel. "Next," said Akins, "if Sadat doesn't get this aid, he is going to be overthrown and replaced by somebody who is certainly not to our liking."



TAHTINEN: "We have to find a way to keep the Turkish government afloat—to provide \$2 billion a year for five years."

This view drew a rebuttal around the table. Sisco argued that failure to get an agreement with Israel would make Sadat even more vulnerable, and that while the Arab world might move toward greater unity, "it may very well be the kind of move toward unity that will bring with it an increase in radicalism."

Iran. The loss of the old ally hurt the U.S. sorely, not only in terms of oil but in the loss of facilities that monitored Soviet missiles. Still, the Islamic government installed by Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini is likely to be anti-Communist as well as anti-Western, and nonaligned in a true sense. Jim Bill, one of the few Americans who know well some of the people around the Ayatollah, ticked off a list of several who are American-educated, basically conservative, and men the U.S. could deal with to help get Iran's oil flowing again to the West.

Bill counted eight top Khomeini aides who either have lived in the U.S. or have children going to school here, and six who are "very close to France and to Western Europe." Included are two members of Khomeini's Revolutionary Council, Dr. Ibrahim Yazdi and Abbas Amir Entezam. Yazdi lived in Houston for ten years. He studied with Bill, who said, "He is a very serious, pro-American, solid kind of personality." Entezam received a degree in structural engineering from the University of California at Berkeley and "is about as American as you can possibly get," said Bill.

Bill listed steps that the U.S. should immediately take to improve relations with the Khomeini regime in Iran: Publicly recognize the abdication of the Shah ("We have said we will work with the new government, but we have not said an awful lot about the guy sitting out there in Morocco"). Offer the new government technical, agricultural, industrial and educational aid. Disavow convincingly any thought of sponsoring a counter-coup, still a subject of great worry to the Iranian revolutionaries. Replace U.S. Ambassador William H. Sullivan, who is thought to have been too close to the Shah. Train some of our State Department officers in Farsi "and send them over in waves. And get people over there very quickly who understand Shi'ite Islam."

In other nations too, Bill asserted, "we can at least get in touch with some of the people that might be running the country" in the future, rather than "chaining ourselves to leaders who are going down the pipe." But Oil Expert Walter Levy wondered if the U.S. should instead do its best to prop up the present leaders, trying to buy time. Levy readily admitted that this approach collapsed in Iran. Call it shortsighted, he said, but supporting the status quo "may give us another five or ten years in Saudi Arabia."

Bill's views on seeking out potential leaders led to a spirited exchange with Helms.

Bill: What's wrong with getting people that speak Arabic, Persian, and Turkish and Urdu out there in the boondocks getting in touch with religious leaders?

Helms: Jim, it is fine to say that, but the minute you're in touch with them, and you're an official representative of the United States Government, it entails a commitment, and that is the hardest thing I know to control. I have been a practitioner of this art and you have not been, so take my word for it.

Bill: I can't take your word for it, Dick, because I have known particular individuals since 1965 in Iran. I can give you their names, who did get in touch....

Helms: Yeah, but what were you going to do about them? Were you going to take them up to the [Shah's] Niavaran Palace and say "Here's a fellow that's objecting to you, Boss, now do something about it?"

Bill: You're an intelligence man. In intelligence, aren't we supposed to be in touch with the people in the society, not just the government?

Helms: That's right, but there are



BILL: "We have an excellent chance in Iran—unless, of course, we send some aircraft carriers storming over."

ways of doing that without raising this issue of carrying two policies at the same time.

Helms was hinting at establishing usable covert contacts. At other times, he spoke approvingly of covert operations, and how the lack of them today has limited U.S. options. Helms urged that "we go back to some of those good old dirty days when we had an arsenal of things that we used to do around the world and we used to organize our allies and get them to help us out. We don't have to do anything blatant." At another point, Helms said: "We have friends; there are operations we can run."

Simes agreed that the Administration should initiate covert action rather than flaunt its power: "I think it is extremely important for the U.S. to learn to walk slowly."

Obviously, this discussion could not get very specific, since a covert operation

openly advocated is a contradiction in terms. But the panel did produce a list of countries where the U.S. could profitably operate. Afghanistan, Iraq, a police state with severe tribal problems. Syria, a minority government beset by corruption. South Yemen, which Akins said "is not considered a country; it is considered a Soviet base. Two-thirds of the population have fled as refugees. They can all be used to go back into the country."

The Military Option. The thorniest problem of all is how the U.S. should use its military power. Tahtinen advocated a kind of presence at one remove: U.S. assistance to Saudi Arabia and possibly other friendly nations to expand their own airfields and naval facilities. By doing that, he says, "you are making the Saudis feel we are not going to let them down." The implication, Tahtinen noted, would be that "we would be willing to utilize those facilities in time of crisis if invited to do so. At least that gives us a potential."

Sisco went a big step further, calling for a modest buildup in the U.S. military presence in the area. He advocated adding a few vessels to the small U.S. Middle East fleet, more frequent visits by that fleet to friendly countries, and strengthening of the U.S. naval base on Diego Garcia, an island in the Indian Ocean. The beefing up, he said, would serve "as a signal that we do view this area as an area of vital interest and would be a psychological bulwark to Saudi and Egyptian leadership."

But some panelists were afraid that showing the flag would hurt, not help, the U.S. and its true friends. Bill felt that "we have an excellent chance in Iran—unless, of course, we send some aircraft carriers storming over there." In Bill's mind, any attempt by the U.S. to form an old-fashioned mutual defense alliance—"Baghdad Pact II, CENTO II, something like that"—would also work against the U.S. Such a step, warned Bill, "would certainly force the Iranians into the hands of the Soviets."

Added Akins: "It would make it more difficult for the House of Saud, for example, if we had a bunch of gunboats tooting around the Persian Gulf. The only reaction [among Saudi subjects] would be: 'Aha! You see, these boys are in the pockets of the Americans. The Americans are pushing them around, and these people have got to go.'"

Pointing out the limitations of force, Akins went on: "We could have protected the Shah against a foreign attack as we can protect the Saudis against a foreign attack, but we are no more capable of protecting the Saudis against internal subversion than we were of protecting the Shah against revolt." If such an internal revolt came, added Akins, "it would not be leftist, it would be Muslim puritan, and we are not going to do anything with those gunboats."

Although Sisco conceded the risks emphasized by Akins and Bill, he thought they could be averted, or at least damp-

ened, by putting out an announcement to the effect that "we are strengthening our position to assure access to the sea lanes and the oil. As long as there is no interference with them, nobody has anything to worry about; the increased presence of the U.S. has nothing to do with the internal affairs of other people. Everybody would read this statement and know damn well that if something occurred the military force was at least there as an option. I think we need to create options of power."

Sisco proudly proclaimed himself to be, like Helms, a member of the "old school" of diplomacy, but he was nonetheless cautious about using gunboats. Closely questioned, he said he would send in the Marines to, say, Saudi Arabia in response to a plea from the government to counter a threat that was at least partly external. Said he: "I would have absolutely no hesitation whatsoever in responding positively to such a Saudi Arabian request, given all the caveats and conditions."

The finite and risky value of military power is clear proof that the U.S. must



LEVY: "First of all, I believe our country isn't rich enough any more to marshal a Marshall Plan for the area."

not see it as a substitute for sophisticated and imaginative attention to political, social and economic problems in the area. Not that economic aid is a surefire remedy either. Besides, Levy observed: "I believe our country isn't rich enough to marshal a Marshall Plan for the area."

Quite clearly, no single approach is going to be sufficient. U.S. policy must combine economic and technical aid with some military flag showing and perhaps even covert operations, offering friendship to some governments that are not now especially receptive, trying to induce cooperative regimes to be more concerned about and responsive to social unrest. That will be an exquisitely difficult policy to carry out. As several panelists noted, the U.S., under the best of circumstances, may suffer some further losses. But given enough will, patience and ingenuity, the U.S. has the strength to safeguard its vital interests in the crescent of crisis. ■



While rifle-toting Islamic guerrillas keep watch, the faithful gather before a shrine to await Khomeini's return to his home city

IRAN

Khomeini's Kingdom Qum

Rule 1: If it is Western, "we don't want it"

For three days, the 300,000 residents of the holy city of Qum had carefully scrubbed the dusty streets and minareted buildings, making ready for the Ayatullah's return. Now, hundreds of thousands of people, chanting "God is great," lined the narrow highway from Tehran to catch a glimpse of him as his motorcade drove by. When the blue Mercedes bearing the 78-year-old Shi'ite leader neared the city, the throng burst through a cordon of police and armed Islamic guerrillas. It engulfed the car in a sea of humanity so dense that it took nearly an hour for the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini to complete the last mile and a half of his journey. Finally, he mounted the steps of a golden-domed shrine and looked out in triumph over Qum.

It was there that Khomeini, in the courtyard of a theological seminary, had first attacked Iran's monarchy 16 years earlier, leading to his arrest and a long foreign exile. Now, in the same courtyard, the architect of the Iranian revolution delivered a homecoming address that was part sermon, part campaign speech. Before a crowd estimated at nearly a million, he vowed to "devote the remaining one or two years of my life" to reshaping Iran "in the image of Muhammad." This would be done, he said, by the purge of every vestige of Western culture from the

land. "We will amend the newspapers. We will amend the radio, the television, the cinemas," he intoned. "All of these should follow the Islamic pattern."

Nor would his proposed Islamic republic be based on Western models. "What the nation wants is an Islamic republic," he proclaimed. "Not just a republic, not a democratic republic, not a democratic Islamic republic. Just an Is-

lamic republic. Do not use the word 'democratic.' That is Western, and we don't want it." When Khomeini concluded, the crowd's cheers filled the air for minutes.

That adoring reception proved, if proof was needed, that Khomeini remains the pivotal figure in a revolution that is still taking shape and is far from under control. In fact, uncertainty about the Ayatullah's intentions had threatened the fledgling government of his hand-picked Prime Minister, Mehdi Bazargan. On the eve of Khomeini's departure from Tehran, Bazargan leveled an emotional attack on the Komiteh, an 80-member group controlled by Khomeini and made up of mullahs and other Iranians with fervent Islamic convictions.

The Komiteh, Bazargan charged, had become a parallel government that not only interfered with his struggling administration, but was tarnishing the revolution. "They persecute us, they arrest people, they issue orders, they oppose our appointments," Bazargan said, speaking with the indignation with which he formerly criticized the Shah. "They have turned my day into night." If the Komiteh is not curbed, he warned, "we would have no alternative but to resign."

When Khomeini returned from his Paris exile a month ago, triggering the collapse of the Shah's last appointed gov-



The Ayatullah waves to the throng
"In the image of Muhammad."

ernment, the Komiteh had been presented as a temporary organization that would help guide the revolution for a short time but then would gradually turn over its power to the Bazargan government. Instead, its authority has grown to rival that of the Prime Minister.

The Komiteh's specialty, like that of the Jacobins during the French Revolution, has been summary revolutionary justice. It conducts secret tribunals in the middle of the night. In the past month, the Komiteh, and the replicas of it that have sprung up in every Iranian city, have imposed the death sentence on more than a score of the Shah's former soldiers, SAVAK agents and police. The executions have outraged civil libertarians, who are disturbed not only by the killings but by the star chamber proceedings at which the verdicts are handed down. Said a chagrined political science professor at Tehran University: "Due process of law is what the revolution was all about."

The Komiteh's purge of suspected Shah loyalists is running many of the experienced supervisors out of the civil service. Without consulting Bazargan's foreign ministry, the Komiteh arranged for the visit by Palestine Liberation Organization Leader Yasser Arafat. It has interfered with Bazargan's effort to establish a national guard so that the regime might restore order and begin the task of recovering at least some of the thousands of weapons that are now in the hands of Iran's broad assortment of left- and right-wing guerrillas. As Bazargan plaintively admitted: "I have no control over the Khomeini Komiteh."

In an attempt to reduce the friction between the Komiteh and the government, Khomeini designated one of his aides as a liaison between the two groups. But it remains to be seen what this will mean in practice. Some Westerners had speculated that the Ayatollah's departure from Tehran would be the first step in turning over more real authority to Bazargan's government. But Khomeini's spokesmen say that he has no intention of relinquishing any of his power to Bazargan or anyone else. This week he will move back to the low stone house on the muddy side street in Qum where he lived before his 1963 arrest. From there, he will continue to issue directives intended to guide Iran's transition to Islamic rule. Explains one aide: "If he can successfully organize the revolution from Paris, he can surely guide the country's reconstruction from Qum."

Khomeini's plans, however, are arousing concern among many Iranians, particularly members of ethnic and religious minorities. Despite assurances by Iran's chief rabbi, Yedidya Shofet, that Khomeini has them "under the protection of Islam," many of Iran's Jews fear that the Islamic revival and the Ayatollah's anti-Israel position will spell trouble for them. Indeed, of the 80,000 Jews who lived in Iran before the revolution, more than 15,000 have left.

A growing number of intellectuals, professionals and members of the middle class fear that instead of ushering in a new era of freedom, the revolution will result in an Islamic dictatorship as repressive as the Shah's regime. Those worries deepened last week when Khomeini passed along his guidelines for the reform of Iran's legal code. He ordered Justice Minister Assadollah Mobarsheri to repeal all laws that "contravene Islam." Henceforth, all trials must end "in a final, absolute decision in a single phase." The right of women to seek divorces, established by a 1975 law enacted under the Shah, would be repealed. Corporal punishments, such as flogging for theft or drinking, would be reinstituted. Said a disappointed young female university graduate: "What they are proposing is to turn this wonderful victory into a new set of restrictions on our freedom that rivals the previous regime's."

Radical opposition to Khomeini's



Policeman in Qazvin readied for execution

A rash of revolutionary justice.

theocratic dictates is gathering force. In a potentially ominous turnaround, a leader of the Islamic nationalist mojahedeen guerrillas, who are still battling the Marxist Fedayan-e Khalq, joined the leftists in their demands for a greater role in running the country. Mojahedeen Commander Massoud Rajavi demanded that all restrictions on the radicals' participation in the government be lifted. He voiced support for the "democratically elected" workers councils that are springing up in virtually every institution from businesses to the air force. Such groups have three times forced the resignation of officers appointed by Bazargan to command the air force.

In Washington, State Department officials, sifting reports of divided political authority and the foundering Iranian

* A Persian name that translates literally as People's Sacrifice guerrillas. The group has been widely but erroneously referred to by the Arabic term fedayeen, which means warriors who are prepared to risk their lives recklessly.

economy, wondered if Bazargan's brittle government would soon follow that of Shahpour Bakhtiar into oblivion. Reduced to defensively guarding American interests in Iran rather than actively buttressing Bazargan, U.S. officials were further alarmed by an incident in which a CIA electronic eavesdropping station near the Soviet border was invaded by rebels last week. First reports indicated that mojahedeen guerrillas had assaulted the station, seizing 20 technicians and sophisticated electronic equipment used to monitor Soviet missile tests. It later turned out that local citizens, seeking to make sure that they were paid for some work they had done at the base, had refused to let the technicians leave. After hasty consultations with Washington, Bazargan's government dispatched a plane carrying \$200,000 in cash to settle the debt. The technicians were brought back to Tehran on an Iranian military plane, then hustled aboard a civilian flight to Paris.

Though State Department spokesmen asserted that all of the sensitive monitoring equipment had been removed or destroyed before the base was taken over, the episode raised new doubts about the security of the 77 advanced F-14 fighters that the U.S. has supplied to Iran. No American has been allowed to inspect them for three weeks, in part because the Iranians fear an attempt to destroy the equipment to prevent any possibility of its falling into Soviet hands. But the Carter Administration privately admits that there is little it can do to safeguard the planes. "They are entirely in the hands of the Iranians," said a U.S. intelligence officer last week. "They bought them, and they own them."

Another potential embarrassment occurred last week when Shahriar Rouhani, Khomeini's spokesman in Washington, announced that his staff had turned up evidence of widespread payoffs by the Shah's regime to many prominent Americans, including Congressmen. The U.S. Justice Department has also opened an investigation of the charge.

The next big event on the Iranian revolution's calendar is the March 30 referendum to be held on the country's new form of government. All Iranians over 16 will be eligible to cast a ballot on a single question: "Do you approve the replacement of the former regime with an Islamic republic, whose constitution will be voted on by the nation at a later date?" Those voting yes will mark part of a ballot colored in the green of Islam, while those who are opposed must choose a portion dyed in the red of Iran's small and still outlawed Tudeh Communist Party. Though Khomeini enjoys overwhelming support among the 30 million Shi'ites who make up about 90% of Iran's population, he is taking no chances on the outcome of the referendum. Each voter will be required to put his name and address on his ballot. Those who dare to vote red could well be providing the Ayatollah with a ready-made enemies list.

SOUTHEAST ASIA

"Suck Them In and Outflank Them"

In China's punitive war against Viet Nam, who was punishing whom?

We cannot tolerate the Cubans to go swashbuckling unchecked in Africa, the Middle East and other areas, nor can we tolerate the Cubans of the Orient to go swashbuckling in Laos, Kampuchea or even in the Chinese border areas. Now some people in the world are afraid of offending them, even if they do something terrible. These people wouldn't dare take action against them."

So said China's Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing last week, puffing on a Panda cigarette as he aimed an unmistakable rebuke at what Peking considers the jelly-bellied Western response to adventurism by the Soviets and their clients. Teng also

intervention another notch by demanding that "the aggressor be made to get out immediately." Meanwhile, there was a strong feeling in Hanoi that the Chinese were facing an awkward dilemma. They had occupied border areas of Viet Nam, but without having faced battle-hardened units of the country's regular army. A further advance south toward Hanoi meant risking a serious extension of supply lines and reprisal by the Soviet Union. On the other hand, a unilateral withdrawal would expose Peking's threat to "punish" the Vietnamese as the growl of a paper tiger.

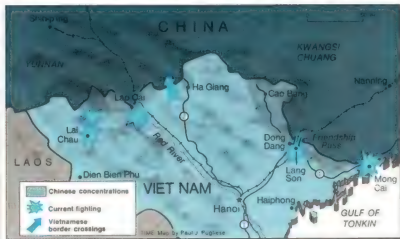
For all that the world was able to learn of it, the Communist vs. Communist fighting might just as well have been taking

serted provincial capital of Lang Son, but came under intense artillery barrages from Vietnamese forces in the surrounding hills. In the northwest, below the captured town of Lao Cai, Chinese troops tried to advance down both banks of the upper Red River valley. The Chinese were believed to have occupied Cao Bang and three other towns in the central mountains. At the eastern end of Highway 4 on the Gulf of Tonkin, Vietnamese forces battled over the port town of Mong Cai, which was reported to have changed hands twice and remained in dispute. Running round the enemy flanks, Vietnamese mobile units also launched two swift hit-and-run counterraid all the way back across the border into Chinese territory, one six miles inside Yunnan province, the other just beyond Friendship Pass.

Peking's communiqués about the war, presumably designed to encourage the home front, featured claims of territorial gains and heroic acts by Chinese soldiers. One dispatch described how a company commander had picked up a rocket launcher from two of his wounded men and "at the bugle call, led a charge against a Vietnamese hilltop position, where he shot down seven enemies with a submachine gun." A deputy squad leader was similarly extolled for having sacrificed his own life to blow up a Vietnamese bunker with a satchel charge ("Before the blast came, he even found time to wave his comrades forward").

On the Vietnamese side, the opaque shield of secrecy and propaganda surrounding the war was briefly pierced by two unlikely eyewitnesses. U. S. Representatives Billy Lee Evans and Elizabeth Holtzman were in Hanoi on a fact-finding mission for their House subcommittee on refugees. Wearing a Vietnamese army pith helmet, Georgia Democrat Evans was taken by Jeep to the northwest front in the Red River valley only days after the fall of Lao Cai. Evans heard artillery barrages thundering from the rugged border mountains, intermittently at night, intensely in the morning. Field commanders, said Evans, "indicated they were trying to suck the Chinese into a trap and then outflank them."

Brooklyn Democrat Holtzman, taken to Lang Son before its capture, found the provincial capital under artillery fire and completely evacuated, "with padlocks on every door. It was a ghost town." Near by, outside the village of Chi Lang, she saw "hundreds of people sitting on the roadside. People were fleeing by the thousands, on foot, bicycle and cart. They brought livestock with them, oxen and dogs. I saw a pig tied to the back of a bicycle."



gave the fullest explanation yet of the motives behind China's two-week-old "punitive" invasion of its southern neighbor, Viet Nam. In an effort to placate international alarm, he repeated assurances that the operation "will be limited in degree and will not last a long time," perhaps no longer than China's four-week invasion of India in 1962. There were reports at week's end, in fact, that the Chinese were considering a cease-fire and might begin pulling back this week.

In any event, Teng allowed that his timetable could be off since "the Vietnamese are stronger" than the Indians. Indeed they are. As the murky war bogged down in seeming stalemate, one pressing question was: Who was punishing whom? When the Chinese proposed talks "as soon as possible" to end the conflict, Hanoi swiftly denounced the offer as a "trick" intended to disguise Peking's plans for "war intensification." The Vietnamese may well have had reason for this cocky rejection of a truce. The Soviet Union last week cranked up its warnings of possible

place in outer space. Communiqués from both sides grew increasingly Delphian, as if the combatants were joined in a conspiracy of silence. Despite the official statements—which invariably included grossly exaggerated accounts of dead and wounded—Western analysts believed that up to 150,000 Chinese regular soldiers, arrayed across all of Viet Nam's six northernmost provinces, had captured or laid siege to eleven districts and at least 20 towns. The Chinese claimed to have destroyed six missile sites and a number of communications centers. The estimated 70,000 Vietnamese troops committed thus far, still mostly regional frontier forces and local militia rather than elite regular divisions, being held in reserve, repulsed some attacks and absorbed others for the sake of subsequent counterattacks.

The heaviest fighting was apparently concentrated at the cutting edge of two bulging Chinese salients. In the northeast, at the top of Highway 1 running south from Friendship Pass, three Chinese columns encircled and then occupied the de-

Viet Nam had yet to bring up any units from its 130,000-man force in Cambodia, and thus one of China's presumed objectives had failed so far: to ease the military pressure on the Peking-sponsored resistance of defeated Premier Pol Pot. Nevertheless, the Chinese campaign appeared to put new verve in the insurgency against the Viet Nam-backed government in Phnom-Penh. Cambodian guerrillas claimed to have killed more than 200 Vietnamese soldiers in clashes along three national highways near the capital and in ambushes near four other major cities.

Other forces, meanwhile, hovered warily at sea within electronic range of the battlefronts. The Soviet Union reportedly sent a second missile-armed destroyer from Vladivostok to join the squadron of 13 Soviet ships already cruising near Viet Nam. A U.S. aircraft carrier left the Subic Bay naval base in the Philippines to join a Seventh Fleet task force in the South China Sea. Moscow stepped up its resupply airlift to Viet Nam—in plain view of Holtzman and Evans at the Hanoi airport, as it happened—and was reported to have sent senior Soviet military officers to the Vietnamese capital.

The Soviet counterplay prompted U.S. concern that Moscow might want to establish a permanent port of call at Cam Ranh Bay, the sparkling white-sand harbor northeast of Saigon (that served as the main U.S. Navy base in the Viet Nam War. Having rights to Cam Ranh would give the Soviets a dramatic new naval advantage and would pose a potential threat to Chinese and Western shipping lanes, especially Japan's petroleum lifeline through the Strait of Malacca. But with no overt Soviet moves by week's end,



On foot and on wheels, Vietnamese troops push north on Highway 1 toward the front

The Chinese played their America card better than Washington played its China card.

Western observers remained hopeful that Hanoi's independent-minded leaders would surely think twice before granting Moscow so strategic a foothold in Southeast Asia.

The Soviets did not go beyond their warnings to China and lateral accusations against the U.S. In a televised speech, President Leonid Brezhnev repeated Soviet demands for the "immediate" recall of Chinese troops "to the last soldier," but stopped short of any direct threat of retaliation. The Soviets continued to badger Washington with charges of complicity, direct or indirect, in the Chinese invasion. Washington's "evenhanded"

policy of castigating both the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia and the Chinese invasion of Viet Nam was scornfully dismissed as a tilt toward China. It was that insistent Soviet view which torpedoed a United Nation's Security Council effort to devise a cease-fire formula. Western and Third World members lined up behind a proposed resolution calling for reciprocal withdrawal of both Vietnamese and Chinese troops. China indicated that it was in favor, but negotiations collapsed in the face of a certain Soviet veto. In the light of Vice Premier Teng's festive reception in the U.S., and Washington's tepid response to the Chinese invasion,

China's War with India

On Oct. 20, 1962, some 20,000 Chinese troops poured out of the Himalayas overlooking India's North East Frontier Agency (NEFA). Other Chinese forces marched through the rocky wastes of the Ladakh region of Kashmir, about 1,000 miles to the west. Outgunned and outmanned by the invaders, the ill-equipped Indian army fell back. After a month of smashing Chinese victories, much of northern India lay open to conquest. But suddenly the invaders stopped dead in their tracks. Radio Peking announced that "on its own initiative" China was declaring a cease-fire. Chinese troops pulled back from the front, in some cases by as much as 60 miles. It was all being done, the Chinese boasted, so that a speedy "peaceful settlement of the boundary question" that had touched off the month-long conflict could be worked out.

That earlier clash is now being studied by analysts seeking clues to China's aims in the current war. Historians now generally agree that the Chinese invasion of India had a limited goal: to establish control over a long-disputed desert plateau called the Aksai Chin. For centuries, caravans linking Tibet with China's remote Sinkiang province had traversed the area, whose border had never been clearly marked. So tenuous was the Indian presence that it took

two years for India's border police to discover a paved highway that the Chinese had constructed in 1956-57.

In the months before the invasion, Jawaharlal Nehru, then India's Prime Minister, cast aside his policy of peaceful coexistence with Communists. He demanded that the Chinese quit the plateau and ordered his own army to occupy it. Attempts to resolve the dispute broke down, and units skirmished in Kashmir. But even during the attack, the nations maintained diplomatic relations—as Peking and Hanoi have done in the present crisis.

The Sino-Indian border conflict coincided roughly with the U.S.-Soviet clash over Russian missiles in Cuba. There is no evidence to prove that the Chinese attacked when they did to take advantage of Soviet preoccupation elsewhere. Once their grip on the Aksai Chin was secure, the Chinese withdrew from land they had occupied in NEFA (now known as Arunachal Pradesh) and offered to negotiate a mutually acceptable border in Kashmir. The Indians, whose call for assistance was answered by an outpouring of arms from Britain and the U.S., refused to discuss the matter until the Chinese completely departed from Aksai Chin, which they still retain. Today a few Chinese and Indian troops still face each other in the mountain passes of the former battleground. And on the official maps of both countries, the borders are still drawn in exactly the same places they were before China's invasion.

World



Trudging toward Lang Son, Vietnamese infantrymen carry their own provisions to battle

the Soviet resentment of America's role in the crisis was superficially understandable, but not warranted by the facts. Moscow had been informed after Teng's visit about President Carter's efforts to dissuade him from any action in Viet Nam. In Soviet eyes, Carter's disapproval must have seemed too mild in the midst of the exciting new Chinese-American embrace. Moreover, Washington's current assurances that Sino-American normalization will continue despite the invasion, and Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal's unperturbed trip to Peking, where he discussed most-favored-nation status for China, were not lost on Moscow. Those gestures could hardly be expected to change the Soviet view that the U.S. had "at least indirectly encouraged the invasion." Even some U.S. officials privately agreed with critics of American policy that the Chinese played their America card far better than Washington played its China card.

Shades of Genghis Khan

*The new Mongol warriors have bombs in their quivers
But if they attack the alarm bells will ring
And there will be plenty of fighters to defeat them.*
—Yevgeni Yevtushenko

Ever since the collapse of the Sino-Soviet alliance 18 years ago, a specter has haunted the U.S.S.R.: China's military might. While Poet Yevtushenko depicts Chinese soldiers as descendants of Genghis Khan's Mongol horde, which held Russia in thrall for three centuries, the Soviet press, radio and television more commonly compare the People's Liberation Army to Hitler's invading Wehrmacht in World War II. A film frequently screened on Soviet television showed Chinese officers shouting frenzied battle cries, while fanatic soldiers performed such smashing kung-fu stunts as breaking bricks with their fists and foreheads. *Pravda* and Tass described alleged Nazi-like atrocities committed by Chinese in the war zone. According to *Literary Gazette*, "Chinese soldiers hang the wounded, cut open women's stomachs, drown children in swamps, tear babies apart."

The constant referrals in the Soviet press to China's "Nazi aggression" and "Peking blitzkrieg" are calculated to stir up traumatic memories of the devastation and suffering caused by the German invasion. Very few Soviet citizens are aware that the Chinese army is not designed, trained or equipped to invade Soviet territory. As perceived by the Soviets, their Chinese neighbor constitutes a potential plague of locusts, voracious and unstoppable. Said one senior Soviet official to TIME Moscow Bureau

Chief Bruce Nelan last week: "Try to imagine how you would feel if Mexico had a billion people, nuclear weapons and a doctrine of the inevitability of war."

Popular fear and dislike of the Chinese were inflamed all over again by news of China's invasion of Viet Nam. Communist Party activists rounded up several hundred students from Moscow University to demonstrate in front of the Chinese embassy. Though the occasion was less than spontaneous, the demonstrators hurled snowballs, stones and ink pots at the walls and windows with real enthusiasm and relish. At a diplomatic dinner party in Moscow, Soviet maids reportedly even refused to serve the Chinese guests.

Since China's normalization of relations with the U.S., the Soviet propaganda apparatus has been working overtime to indict the Chinese. Peking's rulers have been accused of everything from planning germ

warfare to running the world narcotics trade to assassinating President Kennedy. The polemical tone carries over from the popular press into the theoretical world of scholarship. One recent monograph printed by the Institute of the Far East of the Soviet Academy of Sciences (there is a similar institute devoted to American studies) is called *Destinies of Culture in the People's Republic of China*. It makes the charge that Peking views the arts as "an ideological tool of its rule," as if Moscow did not. Official choice of works on China to be translated into Russian is equally tendentious. One newly distributed book, translated from Japanese, states that China presents a picture of "lawlessness elevated to a way of life, oppression of the masses, contempt for the individual and the absence of the slightest semblance of democracy."



Soviet cartoon: "The new role of the Peking duck"

THE YEMENS

More Than Just A Border Clash

Saudi fears about subversion

For more than a decade, Saudi Arabia has viewed with much alarm the Marxist, pro-Moscow regime in the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen (South Yemen), a government so far to the left that it considers Iraq a "fascist state." South Yemen, the Saudis believe, wants to destabilize and subvert the entire Arabian Peninsula. That gloomy view gained credibility last week as South Yemen, taking advantage of a long-simmering border dispute, launched an all-out attack on its more populous but militarily weaker northern neighbor, pro-Saudi North Yemen (The Yemen Arab Republic). A cease-fire, hastily worked out by Syria and Iraq, went into effect at week's end, but there was no certainty about how long it would last.

Frontier skirmishing between the two states began several years after South Yemen gained its independence from Britain in 1967. The people of the two Yemens consider themselves to be one nation, but the radically different political views of their governments have made reunion impossible. According to North Yemen, Aden mounted the latest invasion to halt an embarrassing exodus from the south—perhaps 20,000 people since last June. The North Yemenis also charged that the invading forces had killed "large numbers of women and children" in an assault led by Soviet-supplied planes, tanks and artillery. Although claims to captured territory were difficult to verify in the remote and mountainous region, the South Yemen forces had apparently seized the towns of Maryas and Qataba and the surrounding border province of Al Baidha.

The conflict came at an awkward moment for Saudi Arabia. Its Foreign Minister, Prince Saud, was receiving his South Yemeni counterpart when the violence broke out. The two men had been arranging a visit to Riyadh by South Yemen's President, Abdel Fattah Ismail, in an attempt to relax regional tensions, ultimately leading to the departure of a reported 3,900 Soviet, Cuban and East German troops and advisers harbored by the South Yemen government. The Saudis, who have underwritten 1 billion dollars in arms for the northern San'a regime, immediately put their 45,000-man army on alert, recalled 1,000 troops assigned to the Arab peace-keeping force in Lebanon and joined North Yemen in demands for mediation.

The Saudis also criticized the U.S., which it charged was dismissing the Yemen conflict as "just another border clash that doesn't mean anything." Said one Saudi official: "This is not a border clash, it is a full-scale war with the po-



South Yemeni army officer gives a snappy salute during a military parade



North Yemeni troops on training maneuvers

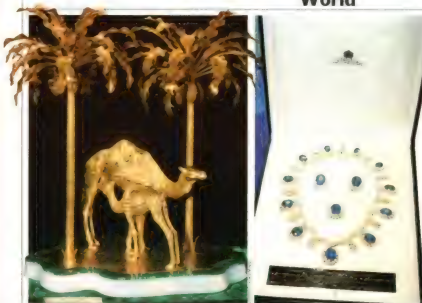
tential to spread in all directions and bring catastrophe to the entire gulf." The Saudis believe that Aden wants to unify the two Yemens by force and fear that after the collapse of American influence in Iran, Washington may not respond strongly enough to Communist subversion in the Arabian Peninsula. The Saudis are also worried about renewed South Yemeni backing of Marxist insurgents in the Dhofar region of Oman, whose rebellion was checked three years ago only with the help of forces supplied by the now-deposed Shah of Iran.

As it happens, Washington is worried about South Yemen's adventurism, if only because it is a matter of such vital concern to the Saudis. The State Department condemned the intervention, and the Administration announced that it would step up deliveries of \$140 million worth of military supplies to North Yemen—paid for by the Saudis—in an effort to redress the military imbalance. In addition to its assorted East bloc advisers, South Yemen has a 25,000-man army, at least 50 jet fighters and 300 tanks. Comparable figures for the north: 10,000 troops, 30



planes, 200 tanks. Washington stands ready to do even more. During his swing through the Middle East, Defense Secretary Harold Brown announced that the U.S. would provide \$400 million worth of advanced defensive equipment to North Yemen. This too would be paid for by the troubled Saudis.

World



Two gifts from Dubai: gold tray with camels and palm trees and jewel-studded necklace

BRITAIN

A Queen's Ransom for a Queen

Elizabeth got a little bit better than she gave

It was, well, a ransom fit for a queen. Not that Elizabeth II was exactly adventuring for booty, but when Britain's monarch returned home last week from a three-week tour of six Persian Gulf states, she brought back an assortment of trinkets worth an estimated \$2 million. Quite a haul, even for someone who is reputed to be the world's wealthiest woman.

The largesse was just a trifle embarrassing since the Queen got a little bit better than she gave. Her official gifts to her hosts in Kuwait, Bahrain, Saudi Arabia, Qatar, the United Arab Emirates and Oman were sterling silver salvers engraved with a picture of the royal yacht *Britannia*. The *Guardian* estimated that the salvers probably cost between \$4,000 and \$6,000 apiece, adding somewhat cattily that Britain's "balance of payments on the transaction looks extremely healthy." Still, as the paper observed, "it's the thought that counts."

According to one British correspondent who accompanied the Queen and Prince Philip on the tour, Elizabeth was "slightly stunned" by the lavishness of the gifts bestowed on her by welcoming sheiks and princes. In Dubai, for example, the Queen gave "a little gasp" when she opened her present from Sheik Rashid, a necklace studded with sapphires surrounded by 300 diamonds, with matching earrings and ring. That was in addition to a solid gold tray, on which stood a pair

of solid gold camels beneath two solid gold palm trees. Bahrain gave her a solid gold palm tree, 18 inches high, that was hung with pearls representing dates, as well as a gold brooch in the shape of a sailing ship, studded with diamonds and rubies. Kuwait's offering a double string of pearls and a solid silver model of an Arab dhow. In Saudi Arabia, she picked up a gold incense burner, an amethyst-studded gold tray, a gold coffee jug shaped like a falcon and a pair of matching gold goblets. Prince Philip did not do badly either. His presents included several jewel-studded golden swords. The Prince, however, provided the one awkward moment on an otherwise triumphal tour. At the end of a sightseeing tour in Oman, he observed his car

being driven away empty, and loudly uttered an obscenity rarely heard from royal lips.

What becomes of this embarrassment of riches? A Buckingham Palace spokeswoman, noting that "the gifts are given to the Queen personally, just as she gives gifts personally," said that the jewelry might be worn by Elizabeth on a suitable state occasion, such as a return visit by one of her hosts, and that the treasures might be put on display eventually. Some Londoners thought the Queen should auction off the baubles and give the proceeds to charity. After all, the Queen already has one of the world's most awesome collections of personal jewelry. ■



Elizabeth II

Devolution Off

The Welsh and Scots vote nay

"This is a struggle for the soul of the country." So declared an impassioned leader of the upstart Scottish National Party, as Britain approached a long-awaited referendum on "devolution," the Labor government's plan to transfer authority in health, education, housing and other matters from the Parliament in Westminster to regional assemblies to be established in Edinburgh and Cardiff. What prompted Labor's initiative was not a question of soul but of cold politics. Though the Nationalists had been campaigning for greater independence for years, they never won much attention until 1974, when the Scottish party won in Scotland a surprising 30% of the vote in general elections and took over eleven seats in Parliament. By then Plaid Cymru, the Welsh nationalist party, had won three seats. So the minority Labor government, troubled by the nationalists' inroads on traditional Labor strongholds, decided to press for devolution.

But when the plan was finally put to a vote in Scotland and Wales last week, it was turned down. Welsh voters, fearing that the practical effect of limited self-rule would be the creation of a costly new bureaucracy, rejected the idea by a 4-to-1 margin. Still, the big surprise came in Scotland, where as recently as a month ago opinion polls showed voters favoring devolution by almost 2 to 1. In the end, barely 33% of the eligible voters had said yes to the plan, while 31% had said no. Since 40% of all those registered to vote had to approve if devolution were to pass, the proposal was defeated.

Appealing to local pride, the Scottish Nationalists argued that if devolution failed to pass, Scotland would "be good for nothing more than to tart up a few British ceremonies." But the antidevolution forces, led by the Conservative Party, mounted a late-blooming campaign that focused on an even more basic Scottish instinct: they charged that the cost of home rule would be quickly felt in the form of higher taxes. Some Scots also began to ponder the fact that devolution might lead to the breakup of the United Kingdom, which none but the most extreme nationalists want.

The vote was a blow to Labor Prime Minister James Callaghan, who is already beset by a sharp slide in the polls and a Labor rebellion against his anti-inflation program. But the referendum is not binding, and he can still press for a Scottish assembly, citing the majority vote for it. As long as Callaghan can hold out some hope for the nationalists, he is assured of their support for a while longer, at least. ■



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This one drives a Volkswagen Rabbit.

Now, we would love to tell you what a brilliant choice he made. How many different cars he checked out. How smart he was to choose a Rabbit.

But the fact is, he didn't have much of a choice at all.

A snowplow driver has two crucial needs:

- 1) Easy starts in the middle of winter.
- 2) Very good maneuverability in very bad weather.

Which means he needs both fuel injection for those starts and front-wheel drive for that maneuverability. Guess what?

With the exception of our own cars, there is only one car in the Rabbit's class that can give you both fuel injection and front-wheel drive: the Rabbit itself. And with these features it's safe to say

that only one car combines the starting ease and maneuverability in snow like the Rabbit itself: the Rabbit itself.

Snowplow driver or not, we think you'll be impressed with the way the Rabbit is put together with its performance, its handling, its carrying capacity.

Car and Driver was very impressed: "The Rabbit does more useful and rewarding things than any other small car in the world." Now the question is:

Does the man who drives the snowplow own a Rabbit to help him do his job?

Or does he do his job to help him own a Rabbit?

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



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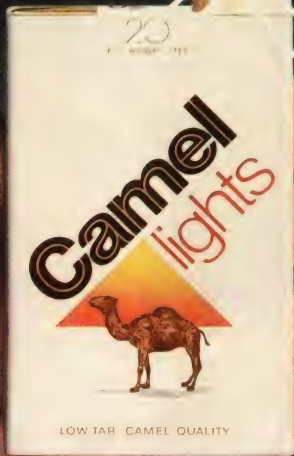
A JCPENNEY WARRANTY UNSURPASSED BY ANY HI-FI MANUFACTURER. Within 5 years of purchase of speaker or 3 years of purchase of single or multiple play turntable, receiver, tuner, amplifier or tape deck of this Modular Component System, we will, at our option, repair or replace these items if defective in material or workmanship. Just return it to the nearest JCPenney facility.

Try the solution. Camel Lights.

Camel Lights. Finally, a cigarette that solves the low tar/low taste problem. Because only Camel Lights has a richer-tasting Camel blend formulated for low tar smoking.

At 9 mg tar, it delivers all the satisfaction that's been missing from ordinary low tars.

Satisfaction. Only 9 mg tar.



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World

UGANDA

Big Daddy's Big Trouble

Tanzania's drive against "that fool" nears Idi Amin's capital

The scene at Uganda's Entebbe airport told it all. Abandoning their efforts to save the embattled regime of Dictator Idi Amin Dada, Soviet and Iraqi advisers lined up to board Russian transports that had been hurriedly dispatched to evacuate them. After fleeing southern Uganda, where Amin's army was crumbling in the face of a Tanzanian invasion force, nervous Libyan soldiers camped beside the runway pleading for planes to come and get them. Big Daddy himself had pulled out of his tree-lined capital, Kampala, to a command post somewhere near the Kenyan border. At week's end about the only sign of Amin's outsize presence in the city where he had held brutal sway for eight years was on television screens: rather than dwell on the perils facing Big Daddy, 55, TV stations ran long documentaries celebrating the past exploits of the country's self-proclaimed President-for-Life.

Predicted a Western diplomat in Kenya: "It's the end." Indeed, Amin was facing his worst crisis yet. His Soviet-supplied military machine, which once boasted 20,000 troops and a flock of MiG fighters, was falling apart under a plodding but determined advance by a mere 4,000 Tanzanian troops and a miscellaneous collection of Ugandan exiles. Since early February, this force had been moving north from the border that Amin barged across last fall in an effort to buck up his tough-guy image by seizing a piece of Tanzanian territory. For weeks Amin's regime had been pinpricked by guerrilla attacks around the country and more seriously hurt by a near total shutdown of fuel supplies from Kenya. Oil truck drivers have refused to drive into Uganda while the fighting continues.

The rapid collapse of Amin's rule began a week ago when long-range Tanzanian artillery pounded Mbarara and Masaka, garrison towns held by what were supposed to be Amin's elite forces, the Suicide Regiment and the *Simba* (Lion) Battalion. These troops not only surrendered; some even joined the anti-Amin forces. Late last week Tanzanian units and various anti-Amin groups began pushing north of Masaka toward Kampala, 80 miles away. But a Ugandan tank force managed to retake the garrison town of Tororo, near the Kenyan border, which had briefly fallen to the rebels.

As the collapse of Amin's forces

spread, Kampala announced that ex-servicemen, policemen and even prison officials were being thrown into the regime's defense. Amin appealed to the Organization of African Unity to persuade Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere to call off his invasion. But the OAU leaders, meeting in Kenya, made only a half-hearted attempt to do so. They seemed to agree with Milton Obote, whom Amin overthrew as Uganda's President in 1971.



Uganda's Field Marshal and President-for-Life in a rare somber mood



In Tanzania, where he has been living in exile, Obote declared, "Now is the time for Amin to pay the price of tyranny."

Although many Ugandans applauded the ouster of Obote, whose feckless socialism had offended them, Amin's post-coup popularity was brief. The collapse of his regime stemmed in part from the inherent instability of his power base. A member of a small Muslim tribe in a country whose population of 9.5 million is 60% Christian, Amin channeled the government's meager economic resources into building up his military dictatorship. He ordered repeated religious and tribal purges in the army and imported num-

bers of mercenaries, including Nubian soldiers from the Sudan. He also recruited Palestinian guerrillas for his personal bodyguard.

Amin lavished on his forces such perks as free whisky, tape recorders and, for top officers, Mercedes cars—as well as modern Soviet-made arms. For a while, Amin could easily pay the high cost of keeping his troops happy. During the surge in world coffee prices in the mid-1970s, Uganda's exports put as much as \$150 million a year into Amin's treasury. But coffee prices have since plummeted from a high of \$3.18 per pound to \$1.28 as of last week. In addition, increasing amounts of coffee are simply being smuggled out of the country. Official figures on Uganda's coffee income do not exist, but some analysts reckon that the country may have earned as little as \$7 million in recent years.

Frequent purges and the faltering economy took a heavy toll on barracks morale, and last year several of Big Daddy's military units mutinied. Seeking to give his men something to cheer about, Amin decided to make good on an old boast that he would seize a patch of frontier territory in Tanzania that he insisted belonged to Uganda. By year's end, Tanzania's Nyerere had decided to pay Amin back in kind. His invasion force, small but well equipped supplied with missiles that it was able to shoot down most of Uganda's air force in a matter of weeks, found Uganda's army surprisingly weak. When Amin ordered a counteroffensive late in January, it failed so ignominiously that even the usually resourceful Radio Uganda could find little to praise. When the poorly supplied Ugandans ran out of ammunition, one spirited broadcast reported, Amin's troops eagerly engaged in "boxing and wrestling" with the Tanzanians.

Only a few other African leaders have condemned Amin's excesses. Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda, for instance, has publicly scourged him as being "as bad as Hitler." The black African states, all of which have their own internal tribal rivalries, also share a tradition of not intervening in each other's territories. Though Nyerere and his OAU colleagues would clearly be happy to be rid of Amin, the Tanzanian President publicly maintains that any suggestion that he actually wanted to topple Amin is "a lie." That task, he said, "is the right of the people of Uganda alone." So why did his forces pursue Big Daddy so long and hard? In a speech at Dar es Salaam last week, Nyerere blandly observed that he had merely ordered his men to "give him a beating," because "that fool kept threatening us." Amin's threatening days may be ending.

Energy

The Oil Squeeze of '79

Huge jumps in costs are the latest peril of the petro-pinch

Has the U.S. learned anything from its energy agonies? Apparently not. Five years after the Arab embargo gripped the nation in petroleum paralysis, the economy remains as vulnerable as ever to upheavals in faraway lands. All winter long the turmoil in Iran has brought chilling reminders of that fact, and last week came some of the scariest yet. It was hard to tell which were more frightening: signs that oil prices were about ready to leap again, or Washington's seeming impotence and inaction.

Indeed the Administration was saving a rare bit of encouraging news from Iran. After four months of revolution that cut its export production from 5.5 million barrels a day to zero, the country's 27,000 drillers, engineers, technicians and other oil workers began returning to their jobs. In the fields of Marun and Ahwaz Asmari, in the refineries of Abadan, and at the pumping center of Ahvaz, precious petroleum is beginning to flow anew as the industry struggles to resume limited export production.

So much for the good news. Even as the supply shortage begins to look somewhat less menacing, the familiar and appalling threat is looming of yet another price rampage by the other members of the 13-nation OPEC cartel. Now as in 1973-74, the danger is that rocketing fuel prices will aggravate inflation, force governments to fight back by clamping down on domestic growth, and for the second time in a decade plunge the world economy into an oil-greased slide.

Those prospects came closer to reality last week as a result of abrupt and startlingly large price increases announced by two OPEC members that the U.S. has come to count on for moderation, Venezuela and Kuwait.

In Caracas, Valentín Hernández, Minister of Energy and Mines, summoned apprehensive oil company executives to his office and bluntly told them that Venezuela intended to lift prices an average 14% on all its oil exports. Later, the government announced that it would increase only the cost of heavy fuel oil, which accounts for much of the country's exports. Oilmen now expect that the broader crude oil increases will be formally posted later this month when existing three-month contracts are about to expire. For the U.S., which relies heavily on Venezuelan imports, the increases already announced could add from 3¢ to 6¢ to the cost of re-

sidual fuel oil used to generate electricity. Heating costs for factories, schools and other public buildings will rise.

In Kuwait, Oil Minister Sheikh Ali Khalifa al-Sabah declared a price increase of 9.3%, retroactive to Feb. 20. He blamed the decision on what he called price profiteering by oil companies, implying that if Big Oil was somehow ripping off the public, Kuwait was going to get in on that game too.

The harshest setback came from Iran itself. No sooner had Hassan Nazih, the new head of the National Iranian Oil Co., announced that NIOC would resume exports, than he was telling cheering oil-

Since oil sales are priced in dollars, strong-currency countries like Japan and West Germany can afford to pay the high costs. The declining value of the dollar has made oil relatively cheaper in yen or marks than it was only a few years ago. If other OPEC countries now decide to follow Iran's lead, even going so far as to break existing contracts with oil companies, the dollar price of a barrel of crude could surge to unimagined heights.

In theory, one solution would be a consumer boycott of oil purchases from any OPEC member that failed to honor its contract commitments. But no serious moves have been made in that direction.

Instead, at week's end, Ashland Oil Co. disclosed that it too had grabbed up a load of Iranian crude, and at a price that the company would only describe as "somewhat higher" than prevailing OPEC charges.

About the most that consuming governments have so far been able to manage by way of concerted action was a voluntary conservation agreement worked out last week during a two-day conference of the 20-nation International Energy Agency in Paris. The nations agreed to cut overall oil consumption by 5%, but because the U.S. uses so much, it pledged to reduce imports by 11%, or 1 million bbl. a day. The U.S. Department of Energy announced that it would meet that goal by relaxing controls on gasoline so that the retail price, which now averages some 70¢ for regular, will rise about 5¢ during the year, thereby discouraging consumption.

Gas prices will go much higher than that if OPEC's prices also keep climbing. The run-up has already sparked fears that the entire cartel, which only last December announced a general 1979 increase of 14.5%, will soon declare yet another boost in order to keep from breaking up in a mad scramble after ever higher prices. As if to sanctify the money grab, OPEC headquarters in Vienna announced that individual price adjustments by members were perfectly all right "in light of their prevailing circumstances."

Much of what the cartel does now will depend on Saudi Arabia, whose share of OPEC oil production has soared from 26% to 34% since the Iranian cutback. The Saudis have long been regarded as the principal force for price restraint in the cartel, but statements from Riyadh last week were discouraging. After calling for



field workers that Iran would be raising prices by as much as 50%, to \$18 to \$20 a barrel. At the same time, said Nazih, the country would cease dealing with the London-based oil consortium, headed by British Petroleum, that has exclusive long-term contracts to buy NIOC exports.

World supplies are short enough that Iran expects no trouble finding buyers, particularly from countries that have little if any oil of their own and seem willing to pay any price for supplies. As Nazih was speaking, a tanker was reportedly loading 300,000 tons of crude at Iran's Kharg Island for Japan at the new, extortionate price. The easy sale could well tempt other producing nations to post similar price increases in the days ahead.



Workers at Iran's Abadan refinery turning pipeline valves as the flow of crude for export partially resumed last week. While some seem willing to pay anything, the "moral equivalent of war" becomes petroleum paralysis.

urgent OPEC consultations. The Saudi government merely promised that it would not raise prices until after the end of March. Oilmen read that as a plan to boost in early April.

The cartel members are jabbing up prices because the panicky rush for supplies by oil companies on the small but highly volatile "spot market" shows that they can get away with it. Normally most petroleum is bought by oil companies under long-term contracts with OPEC suppliers, but 3% to 5% changes hands for whatever price a seller can get. In times of scarcity, demand surges—and so do prices.

When prices move high enough, the temptation grows for even oil companies to start speculating, sometimes by selling portions of their own oil through profiteering middlemen. Last week the Saudi oil minister, Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, complained of just that tactic, and the sentiment was echoed in Caracas by Venezuelan officials. OPEC might be wise to stay silent because much of the oil that is churning through the spot market is coming not from the companies but directly from the producing states.

Far too much is at stake for the world to tolerate for long the problem of rising prices from erratic suppliers. As one top

oil executive put it in London: "The game is too big to be taken advantage of in this way. The economic penalty of imposing sudden price increases is lethal."

Unless prices level off, living standards for people in consuming nations will be damaged. Worst hit will be the developing countries. Their impoverished peoples could not pay for OPEC's latest blast of increases; fresh jumps could bankrupt their governments.

OPEC would also suffer. The oil producers are paid in dollars for their exports, and since 1973 they have accumulated some \$60 billion in greenbacks that are on deposit with commercial banks, principally in the London-based Eurodollar market. Billions more are invested in Treasury bills, stocks, and real estate throughout the U.S. The whole international monetary system, which has been the basis of postwar growth and prosperity, could be plunged into crisis if the banking system is swamped by a deluge of dollars.

Whatever happens next, the U.S. economy will be hurt by what has already happened. The Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. estimates that oil prices in the U.S. will increase at least 15% by year's end. That would lead at a minimum to a half-

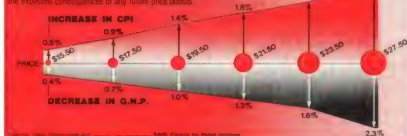
point jump in consumer prices because oil is used not only for fuel but also as a raw material in chemicals, synthetic fibers and many other products. Rising fuel charges also will prod workers to demand more pay, which businessmen will pass on in higher prices. And as more dollars flow abroad, the greenback's value will tend to slump against other currencies, and Americans will wind up paying more for imports. The impact on the U.S. trade deficit, which last year reached a record \$28.5 billion, will also be severe. In January alone, the deficit hit an eleven-month high of \$3.1 billion, largely because oilmen rushed to stock up and beat future price increases.

The latest energy shocks make a recession in 1979 more likely than ever. The downturn may also come sooner than originally thought, a possibility reinforced by another Government report: the index of leading economic indicators fell by a sharp 1.2% in January, the third consecutive monthly decline.

The consequences of the energy crunch for individual companies will depend on how much they need oil. For example, nearly all of Du Pont's 1,700 products, from paint to tires, use oil as an ingredient. Says the chief executive of a major chemical manufacturer: "If any-

DOUBLE BLOW

As oil prices jump from the present \$13.34 per barrel, they cause the Consumer Price Index to rise and the gross-national product to fall. Here are the expected consequences of any future price boosts.



HEATING PRICES

Every February, cents per gallon of home heat oil in New England.



Energy

thing, we have underestimated the inflationary effects of the oil price rises."

Yet some companies may benefit. Short-haul airlines expect to win new passengers because rising gasoline prices make it cheaper to fly than to drive. But long-haul lines may have to cut service to small cities. TWA last week scrubbed five flights out of Kansas City for lack of fuel. The auto industry stands to benefit because rising gasoline prices are likely to move shoppers to buy fuel-efficient cars. That will help automakers meet strict federally mandated "fleet average" mileage standards for vehicle sales. On the other hand, fast-food chains, restaurants and hotels will suffer if Americans drive less overall and gasoline stations are closed on weekends to conserve fuel.

The overriding question is what Washington will do about the price squeeze. Though he proclaimed the energy crisis the "moral equivalent of war," President Carter has behaved as if it were the acronym MEOW. Now his generals are quarreling publicly over strategy. Ob-

serves John Sawhill, who was the federal energy chief under Richard Nixon: "The U.S. could not have been less prepared for this shortage. What bothers me is to see members of Carter's own Cabinet go on TV and make veiled threats about military action in the Middle East even though we refuse to take the simple action at home that can reduce our dependence on foreign supplies."

Astonishingly, the Carter Administration could not even seem to agree on whether the week's worries added up to anything worth fretting about at all. In an unseemly intramural squabble, Department of Energy officials kept pressing the White House to make a strong statement on the need to conserve oil supplies, while Treasury aides urged that the President say nothing for fear of spooking currency dealers abroad into dumping dollars. Yet it seemed more likely that a determined U.S. policy to conserve would strengthen the dollar by showing the world that the nation was

taking steps to correct its trade deficit.

Carter simply sent to Congress a weak program of standby fuel-saving measures that included a ban on Sunday gasoline sales, a requirement to turn down thermostats in public buildings and restrictions on illuminated outdoor advertising. Whatever limited value the package may have had was undercut when the President told a press conference: "We don't have any present intention of implementing any of those measures."

All this waffling is immensely frustrating for Energy Secretary James Schlesinger. For the past two years he has urged conservation steps; Congressmen have done little more than nod politely. The present squeeze, Schlesinger argues, "is a warning, but the real danger is in the long run. We must take advantage of short-term crises to try to make fundamental long-term changes."

The Administration needs to act quickly to create confidence by demonstrating that it has a strong policy to develop and conserve energy. Its pledge to

Unity Against a Rat Race

As early as 1941 FORTUNE described Walter Levy as "a distinguished authority on world oil," and his eminence has only increased over the decades. He researched Nazi oil targets for the U.S. Office of Strategic Services in World War II, later directed the State Department's oil intelligence operations. Now Levy, 67, heads his own Manhattan-based consulting firm and has acted as oil adviser to every Administration since Truman's. Speaking at last week's TIME conference on the Middle East, he gave a sobering energy message. Excerpts:

Even before the Iranian revolution, the problem of oil supply and demand was a difficult one for the importing countries. There was just no way known to us to cover demand in the mid-1980s from supplies that would be physically, not to mention politically, available.

The OPEC countries have produced what we needed, allowing us to waste oil and allowing them to waste revenues on development programs that, to a very considerable extent, are futile. These programs will not provide economic independence when the oil begins to peter out.

The oil-exporting countries have become aware that it no longer serves their interests just to produce what we need. Sooner or later, maybe sooner because of the events in Iran, they will decide that they are better off slowing up development efforts. They will pump less oil because they will need less revenues.

We have not yet experienced supply shortages, but they are coming; they will be tough. Even in the second half of this year we may have severe problems covering our demand. But, although the supply problems are urgent, important and difficult, they can be handled by rationing and, if necessary, mandatory allocations. They are not as threatening as the inflation, balance of payments and overall finan-

cial problems resulting from the enormous increases in the spot price of oil.

Small and big traders and middlemen are charging huge spot-market premiums over and above the OPEC price. Because profits can reach billions a year, you have to expect that the spot trade will increase by hook or crook, and I mean the words literally. When OPEC sees how much money is made on its oil by in-between traders, the producing countries will have no political choice but to increase their own prices and divert more oil to the spot market. That was clear from the moment the Iranian crisis broke. Our

Government was made well aware of it, but nothing was done.

As the shortages continue and demand remains high, the spot premium will simply be imposed on the higher posted cartel price. That would mean we will have, sooner or later, another OPEC increase following the first increase. And the higher OPEC price will not increase the supply of oil in world markets by one single barrel.

What do you do with a problem that will affect the whole world economy? There is nothing I would like more than to be proved wrong, but I believe we are in a rat race against increasing crude and product prices of a massive order. The impact could be much more serious than any 5% supply shortage.

I have reluctantly concluded that the only way to deal with this is for the importing nations to unite in terms of not permitting crude that is traded at premiums to enter their countries. In short, we should prohibit the import of any oil or oil products that sell above the official posted prices. Perhaps this prohibition should be coupled with an international allocation scheme. This is a proposal that will appeal to nobody because it means more Government in business. But what is at stake is the economic welfare of all our countries. When that is at stake, I believe that even though what one suggests should be done looks difficult—if not impossible—one has no right not to try.



Walter Levy in his office

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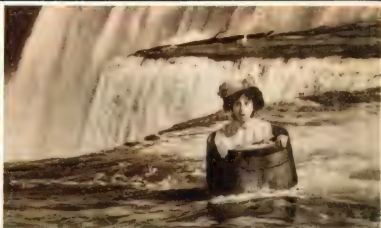


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Energy

The Hustling Price Gougers

Fast deals, broken contracts and big profits

let gasoline prices rise somewhat to discourage consumption is welcome, but long overdue. What is more, even at \$1 a gallon, gasoline in the U.S. still would be much cheaper than in almost all other industrial nations. Controls on gasoline prices do not simply need to be relaxed; they need to be eliminated altogether. Only when gasoline becomes too precious to waste will people stop wasting it.

For all its flaws, Carter's 1977 national energy plan contained a sensible idea: letting the price of domestically drilled crude oil, which is now fixed legislatively by a complex system of price controls and formulas, rise to world levels. Carter hoped to accomplish this through the so-called crude oil equalization tax. A portion of the resulting revenues would have been returned to poor families to ease the burdens of rising fuel costs, but the rest could have been spent on the development of alternative energy sources such as nuclear power and coal gasification. Oil companies argued that COLT's revenues ought to have been given directly to them, and in the resulting congressional struggle the tax was dropped from the watered-down bill that eventually became law last autumn. The idea should now be brought back.

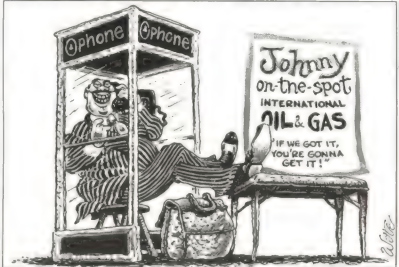
Most important, the Administration needs to stop sounding schizophrenic about energy. Until that happens, people will simply doubt that Washington knows what it is talking about. Even under the best of circumstances, the energy debate can be frightfully confusing. Last week, for example, newspaper headlines reported that a Library of Congress study had found the current oil shortage in the U.S. to be "minuscule." The study, commissioned by Representative Albert Gore of Tennessee, showed the shortfall to be a mere 80,000 bbl. daily, less than a sixth of the 500,000 bbl. per day that the Department of Energy has said the economy needs but is not getting. Both sets of figures are technically correct; they simply use different projections of the growth of demand this year. In any case, the size of the shortage is less important than the fact that a shortage exists. Even a loss of only 80,000 bbl. per day is enough to send prices climbing.

The plain fact is that prices are shooting out of sight because the worldwide clamor for crude is deafening. As ever, the biggest voice belongs to the U.S. Unable to do much more than make plaintive bleats about the need to conserve, the White House is now seeing its energy nightmares begin to come true. Cuts in consumption and the rapid development of energy resources like coal, natural gas and nuclear fuels—all of which the U.S. has in abundance—are the easiest and, in fact, the only ways to prevent the twin demons of scarce supplies and rising prices from endlessly plaguing the nation. In five years, two energy crises ought to have hammered that message home by now. ■

Riding on a lot of contacts, a line of credit and sheer gall, a troupe of about 300 international profiteers have become the principal beneficiaries of the galloping oil price increases that occur daily on the "spot market." They are the mysterious players in a loose old-boy network of private investors, former oil executives, foreign government officials, Arab sheiks and assorted middlemen, brokers and hustlers. "Many of them," says Joe Roeder, a London-based analyst of the spot market, "got out of trading used tires or razor blades or whatever else they were doing to start dealing in oil." Adds Roeder: "There is very little morality in this business."

Unlike a stock exchange, the spot market has no big board, no floor, and at present, no ceiling—on prices anyway. It

wards for anybody who can lay his hands on a cargo of oil that is not locked up by a sales contract. Sometimes operating out of telephone booths, profiteers have been offering deals on as much as half of Indonesia's total production, which local politicians are said to have got their hands on. Oil cargoes have been sold four and five times while the tanker was still on the high seas, and each subsequent owner has pocketed vast profits. At a dinner of the Institute of Petroleum in London two weeks ago, while guests sipped cocktails and swapped tales about their spot profits, one trader offered to sell a 50,000-ton cargo of heating oil at \$260 a ton. Then he disappeared and discovered that in New York City the spot price had risen to \$300 a ton. He withdrew his offer and next morn-



is often called the Rotterdam market because most of the world's spot oil moves through that Dutch port city. But the spot market exists anywhere that a trader with a shipload of oil available for immediate sale can connect with a big-ticket buyer. Transactions can be and have been made in London, Houston, Hong Kong and Eleventh Avenue diners in Manhattan.

When supplies fall short of demand, even by a small amount, the number of deals is multiplied and the spot price spurts to whatever the market will bear. The official OPEC price, under which most oil is traded on short-term contracts, is now \$13.34 per bbl. But last week some desperate, we'll-pay-anything customers took spot shipments of oil at \$28 per bbl. Meanwhile, a number of sellers have been asking, but not necessarily receiving, as much as \$34 per bbl.

Naturally, there can be enormous re-

ing found a buyer at \$316. The trader's profit between dinner and lunch came to \$2,850,000.

In addition to the individual marketers, several dozen oil companies trade in the spot market. They are not the well-known and much-criticized oil majors but smaller outfits like Monte Carlo's Essex Oil and Rotterdam's Nedol, Vanol, Petrosun and Northeast Allied. There are also specialized commodity trading firms like Marc Rich & Co. Such firms like to keep their dealings—and those of their clients—top secret. At Rich's Park Avenue offices in Manhattan, backroom telephone trading operations are conducted behind locked doors that are electronically controlled by a receptionist at the front desk. Queries to most U.S. trading offices from potential new buyers or sellers are generally met with a surprised "How did you get our name?" ■



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Time Essay



Rebellious soldiers of the czar turn their rifles against him in March 1917 and join the Petrograd riots

The Dynamics of Revolution

Edmund Burke cast an indignant eye across the English Channel at the French Revolution and wrote sarcastically: "Amidst assassination, massacre and confiscation, they are forming plans for the good order of future society." Burke was the prototype of skepticism about certain revolutions. Since the French Terror, history has paraded past too many utopian dramas of transformation that ended by being as totalitarian, as murderous, as the regimes that they swept away—triumphs of hopeful zealotry over experience. Stalin turned the Russian Revolution into a self-devouring machine that crushed its own in the basement of the Lubyanka. Especially because of the Soviet redemptive passion that ended in the Gulag, revolution in this century has lost much of its violent romance. Outsiders have learned not to judge revolutions quickly. They wait for the other boot to drop.

The Iranian uprising has prompted among the industrial powers a complicated wariness, along with the anxiety and tentative respect due to the world's second largest exporter of crude oil. Without the wealth buried in Iran, much of the fascination would vanish. Since most of the world was unprepared for the uprising and ignorant of Iran's internal stresses, it is difficult for outsiders to know what to make of the revolution. Iranians themselves are no longer certain. Nearly everyone who has carefully watched the event agrees on two propositions:

► It has been a widely popular uprising, virtually spontaneous, with support in almost every area of Iranian life.

► The revolution is far from over. Its ultimate meaning has not yet developed.

All revolutions are unique, for roughly the same reasons that, as Tolstoy said, all unhappy families are unhappy in different ways. In *The Anatomy of Revolution*, the late Crane Brinton, the Harvard historian, attempted to formulate the stages of revolution. First, in Brinton's model, comes the euphoric phase of good feeling, when expectations and perfectionist rhetoric run high. Soon the practical tasks of governing split moderates and radicals. In the second stage, extremists rise and consolidate their power. Next comes the Terror, when the regime desperately tries to accomplish revolutionary goals no matter what the cost in blood. This horror often engenders a Thermidorean

reaction (named for *Thermidor*, the month of the French revolutionary calendar in which the reaction occurred), when moderates regain control and the nation begins a period of convalescence. But ahead lies the danger of the fifth stage: the coming of a dictator still fired by some revolutionary zeal, and beyond that, the possibility of a Bourbonism restored.

Brinton was following the classic pattern of European revolutions, which can translate only partially into other times and other cultures. But some events of the Iranian revolution already correspond disconcertingly to the Brinton pattern: the first euphoria of victory dissolving into factionalism, and now some possibility that leftists among the revolutionaries, better organized than the masses who drove out the Shah, may seize power. As in France, the tenure of forbearance may be short; already Qasr prison, emptied of its prisoners of the Pahlavi regime, is filling again, this time populated by the enemies of the revolution.

But Historian Walter Laqueur warns against rigid analogies. If anything, says Laqueur, "you should compare Iran not with France, not with Russia, but with the revolutionary movements in Spain beginning in 1808 against Napoleon, where the revolt was carried out by the crowd, by the mass of people." Princeton University Political Scientist Robert C. Tucker suggests some similarity to the Russian uprising of 1905. Thousands of unarmed striking workers marched on the Czar's Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. Government soldiers fired on the crowd, killing and wounding hundreds. More strikes broke out. Peasant and military groups revolted. Says Tucker: "That may have been the purest case before Iran in the 20th century of a great, spontaneous, popular, antimanagerial movement spreading across the country. In that case, it failed: the monarchy caught itself, staggered and survived—temporarily."

For every point of historical comparison, Iran offers at least one anomalous or unprecedented detail. The role of mass electronics was rather weird, causing the McLuhanesque web to thrum with a new note. Ubiquitous transistor radios and cassette tape recorders with messages relayed over telephone lines to some 9,000 mosques all over Iran allowed a 78-year-old holy man camped in a Paris suburb to direct a revolution 2,600

Essay

miles away like a company commander assaulting a hill.

The most interesting and socially entangled factor in the Iranian revolution has been the role of the Muslim religion. The Ayatollah Khomeini's revolution was aimed to a large extent at restoration, a re-establishment of the Islamic spirituality and law that had been, so the faithful believed, desecrated by the Shah's modernizations and the widespread, profound corruption of everyday life. Iranians were caught in an intolerable bind: their daily routines were elaborately oppressed by a stupid, corrupt bureaucracy, and yet everything in Iran (costs, salaries, the pace of change) was moving at ungodly speeds. Eastern European official stolidity was impossibly combined with Western velocity.

Islam proved to be a liberating vehicle, although an ironic one, to Western eyes. There are several layers of paradox in the relationship between religion and revolution. The word revolution first entered the English language as a political term around 1600, and implied restoration of the old order. Later revolutions, like the French and the Russian, were explicitly anti-religious, anticlerical. And yet revolution is almost always cryptoreligious in its vocabularies, disciplines and even operating psychologies. Revolution needs martyrs, saints, zealots, and almost always involves a rigorously ascetic ideal. Revolution, like religion, means faith and commitment, righteousness, intolerance, overriding goals, doctrine and ideology. In the revolutionary paradigm, the old order is corrupt, out of grace, godless, and therefore to be swept aside. Revolutionaries, of course, tend to seek their heaven on earth, here and now. But the contradiction between revolutionary dreams and religious yearning achieved at least a temporary resolution in Khomeini's Iran. Islam, after all, makes no distinction between the church and state, the secular and the sacred.

In a sense, the Iranian revolution was an exercise in internal anticolonialism: a convulsive rejection of foreign influence that had, so a wide variety of Iranians thought, robbed their culture of its Islamic values and its natural wealth. In a psychological way, the revolutionaries were obeying the logic of many anticolonial fighters who, in the formulation of the revolutionary theorist Frantz Fanon, held that the "native"

must be transformed into a free man through struggle against his foreign oppressors. In countries like Algeria and Kenya, the struggle was protracted and violent. In Iran, after a point, the army foreshortened the process by choosing not to resist the revolution.

Some outsiders fear the Moslem revivalism in the revolution. But Robert Wesson, a political scientist at the University of California at Santa Barbara, sees it "not so much as medievalism as a rejection of foreign intrusion. They are not reversing modernization, but giving it a sounder basis in Iranian institutions." Wesson detects a parallel between Islam in Iran and Roman Catholicism in Poland. "There, in a country in a subrevolutionary situation, the Catholic Church is enormously popular because it is the counter to the government—it is the refuge for freedom. It has become the umbrella for all manner of movements."

In the months of the demonstrations that brought down the Shah and then Prime Minister Shahpour Bakhtiar, Islam performed that unifying function. Several different revolutions coalesced then; now they are subdividing again. The century's earlier revolutionary history may explain the components. The revolutions of the '20s and '30s were either rebellions of redemptionists (sometimes fascists, as in Germany and Italy) intent on rescuing old native virtues from alien influences, or of Communists, or of nationalists (in Ireland, for example). Elements of all three have been at work in Iran. But now the contradictions of the types must be sorted out. Says Laquer: "The Iranian revolution does not exist. There exist various groups, each of which says, 'We caused the revolution, we are the legitimate heirs.'"

The resolution may take months or years. After a period of chaos, it becomes easy to imagine, a variation of the Brinton model might start working: a strongman with an armed force imposing law where there is none. When Bakhtiar was named Prime Minister, the mind immediately said, "Ah, Kerensky." Now there seems a possibility of multiple Kerenskys: Bazargan, perhaps Khomeini himself. In the Iranian turbulence, an ominous recollection about Russia arises: its two revolutions of 1917 were basically bloodless. Then, from 1918 to 1921, the country was torn apart by civil war.

—Lance Morrow



Demonstrators in Tehran, late 1978

Milestones

DIED. Dewey Bartlett, 59, former U.S. Senator from Oklahoma, of lung cancer, in Tulsa, Okla. A millionaire oilman and rancher, Bartlett was elected his state's first Roman Catholic (and second Republican) Governor in 1966, and after losing a re-election bid four years later, won his Senate seat in 1972. Deeply conservative, he became best known in Washington as the Senate's staunchest defender of oil and gas company interests. Aware of his illness, Bartlett chose not to seek another term, retiring from the Senate in January.

DIED. Mustafa Barzani, 75, Kurdish nationalist leader who waged guerrilla war for 40 years in a futile attempt to win a homeland in northeastern Iraq for his people; of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C. Wishing to establish an autonomous

Kurdistan for his 12 million Muslim tribesmen scattered throughout Iraq, Iran, Turkey, Syria and the Soviet Union, Barzani led an unsuccessful rebellion against the Iraqi government in the mid-1930s. Fleeing to Moscow, where he spent twelve years in exile, he returned to his native land in 1958 to reorganize his guerrilla army, the *Pesh Merga* (Forward to Death). After a decade of battle, a truce was signed, and an Iraqi plan for limited Kurdish self-rule was drawn up but later rejected by Barzani, who resumed fighting. In 1976, after the Shah of Iran and the U.S. withdrew their aid to the Kurds, Barzani received asylum in the U.S.

DIED. W.A.C. Bennett, 78, nicknamed "Wacky," longtime Premier of British Columbia (1952-72), whose aggressive eco-

nomics policies gave his province an unprecedented prosperity that became known as "Bennett's boom"; in Kelowna, B.C.

DIED. Heinrich Focke, 88, German aircraft designer who helped develop the helicopter, in Bremen. Inspired by the drawings of Michelangelo, Focke in the mid-1930s built the FW-61, the first helicopter to receive an international certificate of airworthiness. Unsympathetic to the Nazi regime, Focke was removed from his company (Focke-Wulf Flugzeugbau AG) before World War II and thus had no part in the production of the firm's famed fighter-bomber, the FW-190. He continued to design aircraft in France, Britain and Brazil, returning to his native country in 1956.



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People



Superman John Tower, with Dallas newswoman, cleared for leap-off



Baryshnikov, with McBride, soars toward White House chandeliers

Faster than a speeding bullet? Not likely, when Superman's bright blue leotard bulged from a punch that was bound to blunt the man of steel's airstream in flight. Actually Texas Senator **John Tower**, 53, never did get airborne, but otherwise the conservative Republican performed nobly in a Superman spoof mounted in Dallas by a drinking club of politicians and newsmen. "I was born to play Superman," acknowledged Tower, flipping his cape for dramatic emphasis.

nom de plume John Paul had chosen in 1960, when as auxiliary bishop of Cracow he wrote the heavily symbolic study of three marriages.

Country Rock Singer **Jerry Lee Lewis** owed the feds \$165,093.12 in back taxes, and the feds were tired of waiting. That's why a posse of IRS agents suddenly showed up at Lewis' De Soto County, Miss., ranch last week and seized a \$68,000 Rolls-Royce; a Cadillac

El Dorado; a Corvette Stingray; a Lincoln Continental; a Jeep; a '56 Caddy; a '35 Ford; a '41 Ford convertible; a tractor and five motorcycles. "I'm sure it's a breakdown in communications and something will be worked out," moaned the singer. "You know, you don't run from those people if you've got good sense." Or drive away from them either.

For New York City Ballet Superdancer **Mikhail Baryshnikov**,

two weeks in Washington was a head over heel experience. Midway in the company's Kennedy Center program, Misha gave a special performance in the White House East Room; while dancing with Ballerina **Patricia McBride**, he soared so high in a flashing *cabriole* that his head very nearly collided with a massive crystal chandelier. Surviving that, Baryshnikov, alas, was unexpectedly hobbled by a familiar dancer's affliction, an aggravated Achilles' tendon, and forced to miss his final performances.

For **Pope John Paul II** it was a curiously connubial week. First, in the Vatican's stately Pauline Chapel, the Pope kept a promise to a Rome street-cleaner's daughter who had boldly asked him to officiate at her wedding. The glowing bride, **Vittoria Ianni**, 22, received a papal buss and so did the nervous groom, **Mario Maltese**, 24. "May you have long life and may you see the sons of your sons," prayed the Pope in nuptial blessing. Later in the week, the Pope tuned in the state-owned second radio network to catch the premiere broadcast of *The Goldsmith's Shop*, a play in verse by Polish Dramatist **Andrzej Jawien**. That, it turned out, was the



John Paul II congratulates bride and groom after Vatican wedding

On the Record

Barbara Tuchman, historian, deploring lack of American recognition of the arts: "Every French town has an Avenue Victor Hugo. We never have a Mark Twain Street."

Herman E. Talmadge, Georgia Senator, after hospitalization for alcoholism: "I took my personal problems to the bottle rather than to my Maker."

Henry Kissinger, former Secretary of State, lecturing in Mexico City: "No Communist country has solved the problem of succession."

Television

COVER STORY

Chaos in Television

It was a month of Sundays as the networks claw and kick for audiences

Feb. 11, 1979, was not a date that most people remembered much past Feb. 11, 1979. But to the hundred or so top people in the television industry, it was Black Sunday, the costliest night in TV history. In their desperation to knock out one another during the February sweeps—those weeks when Nielsen and Arbitron take an elaborate TV census—the networks spent a reported \$13 million on that Sunday night to throw their heaviest punches at one another. CBS led off with *Gone With the*

Wind; NBC followed with *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*; ABC, hoping to profit from the Presley boom, countered with its own special, *Elvis!* For millions of TV viewers, who had spent most of the season slogging through *Sitcom Sahara*, suddenly the tube runneth over.

Sitting in his Fifth Avenue apartment, even William Paley, 77, the venerable head of CBS, felt the frustration. "I wanted to see *Cuckoo's Nest*," he confesses, "but I was also curious to see how *Gone With the Wind* looked today. A lot of peo-

ple who wanted to see it again were robbed of *Cuckoo's Nest*, and vice versa. The public is getting an uneven break during these sweeps weeks. Everybody is sick and tired of them."

Perhaps the sickest and most tired was Fred Silverman, 41, the president of NBC, who threw two of his biggest movies into that black hole called the sweeps. "It's tragic," he says. "We had two blockbusters, *Cuckoo's Nest* and *American Graffiti*, on the air in this February period, and yet we reached only 32% of the audience.



Illustration for Time by Rick Meyerowitz

That is absolutely crazy. But the alternative would have been to put ordinary movies in there, and the only people who would have looked at them would have been the people in my family."

In the February sweeps, nearly every night was a blockbusting Sunday, a succession of multimillion-dollar explosions from the networks. Viewers were both delighted and frustrated, but what the TV schedule really showed was an industry in chaos, with each network going all out to knock off the other two. The pyrotech-

tics from CBS included *Rocky*; the Grammy Awards show and *Marathon Man*. NBC fired off James Michener's *Centennial*. *Backstairs at the White House*, a six-hour remake of *From Here to Eternity*. *American Graffiti* and *The Sound of Music*. ABC, which now rules the ratings charts, disdained such vulgar showmanship, but, in fact, it threw in the heaviest salvo of all: the \$16 million sequel to *Roots*, which two years ago drew the biggest audience of all time.

The results were not always predict-

able; some of the blockbusters failed to go off. On the other hand, the figures were rarely very surprising. On that famous night of Feb. 11, all the networks did well. ABC's *Elvis* was on top with 39% of the audience. CBS and *Gone With the Wind* had 36%, and NBC with *Cuckoo's Nest* had 32%. (If that adds up to more than 100%, and it does, it means that some of the families polled had more than one set on.)

Thirty percent of the audience—or a 30 share, in broadcast jargon—is usually considered respectable. A share is the percent of the people watching television who are tuned in to a show. It indicates how well the show is doing against the others in its time slot. If the people in 50 million households are watching TV on Thursday night at 8, and 25 million are tuned in to *Mork & Mindy*, the program would have a 50 share. A rating, on the other hand, is the percentage of all the 74 million households in the country that have TVs, whether the sets are turned on or not. Since it is assumed that each TV household consists of an average two viewers at any one time the set is on, each rating point is equivalent to a viewing audience of about 1,500,000 people. On that hypothetical Thursday, for example, *Mork & Mindy*'s rating would be 33.

Roots: The *Next Generations* did not quite repeat the astonishing success of *Roots I*, but the seven episodes nonetheless knocked out everything that CBS and NBC ran against them. On Night 1, the show got a 41% share, beating *American Graffiti* (33%) and *Marathon Man* (28%). On Night 3, it pulled its biggest audience, 50% of all viewers, against two more movies. In the next three segments it slipped a couple of points, but still dominated the numbers.

The only surprise came at the end. In terms of quality, the final episode of *Roots II* was the best, with stunning performances by Al Freeman Jr. as Malcolm X and Marlon Brando as George Lincoln Rockwell. As ratings go, however, it was a disappointment. Night 7, ABC got only 40% of the audience, compared with 32% for CBS's *Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes*, a kind of all-star potato sack race, and 30% for yet another yodel of *The Sound of Music* on NBC. Still, helped by its old-time serials and the great new hit of the season, *Mork & Mindy*, ABC, with *Roots II*, achieved the second-highest-rated week in television history, surpassed only by the week *Roots I* was aired in January 1977; indeed, an estimated 110 million people watched all or part of the sequel.

As the sweeps ended last week, the networks counted their gains and losses, only to find that, as in a World War I battle, hardly any real estate had changed hands. All three were almost exactly where they had been on Feb. 1. ABC's position is so strong that the competition can huff and puff and threaten to blow its house down with expensive movies and mini-series, but for the foreseeable future it is likely to stay where it is—on top.

The week that *Roots II* aired, ABC had



Television

the top eleven shows in the country, with *Mork & Mindy* scoring higher even than the Haley saga. On an ordinary week during a non-sweeps month, it has six of the top ten shows: besides *Mork & Mindy*, there are *Laverne & Shirley*, *Three's Company*, *Eight Is Enough*, *Charlie's Angels*, *Happy Days* and *Taxi*. CBS usually struggles through with three in the top ten: *All in the Family*, *M*A*S*H* and *60 Minutes*. NBC has only one, *Little House on the Prairie*.

ABC's rating since the season began in September is 21.1. CBS's is 18.7 and NBC's is 17.7. Translated into numbers, the figures indicate that ABC is watched by an average of 31 million people over the entire nighttime schedule, 3 million more than turn on CBS and 4 million more than look at NBC. Translated into dollars, a language TV folk feel even more comfortable speaking, each rating point in prime time is worth about \$30 million in pretax profits over the course of the TV year. On the bottom line, it means, if the figures hold, that ABC will ring up about \$72 million more than CBS this year, and \$102 million more than NBC.

To outsiders, broadcasting has always looked a little crazy. But this year it really is crazy, and the February sweeps have blown down Network Row like Hurricane Agnes. Robert Wood, a former CBS president turned producer (*The Cheap Show*), refers to

them as "the goddamn sweeps." He complains that "there shouldn't be such weeks in the TV calendar. They are artificial and destructive, and they contribute to the general feeling of paranoia."

Like most other pernicious institutions, the sweeps still perform a function. Using two relatively small samples, Nielsen keeps regular tabs on how well the networks are doing. Some 1,200 families have the famous Nielsen meters attached to their sets to show which channel is being watched; 2,300 other families fill in diaries that tell not only what program is

on but also who in the family is watching it. The results are available weekly, and many newspapers now ritually report the top ten shows.

This small survey does not tell how all of the country's 727 commercial stations are doing, however. For that information, which advertisers demand, the two rating services select hundreds of thousands of families, a combined total of more than 400,000 in February alone, and send them diaries. To cut costs, it was decided that instead of measuring daily, as Nielsen does for the networks,

local ratings would be taken comprehensively during four months supposedly typical of their seasons: November, February, May, and three weeks in July. Based on how well they did in those periods, the stations would then decide how much to charge for each commercial minute.

Before long, of course, it occurred to stations that if they tried a little harder during those sweeps months, they would do better in the ratings and could make more money. But since the networks supply them with 22 hours of prime-time programming each week, it also occurred to them that the real effort had to come from their big brother in Manhattan. If a network is doing well, its affiliates also do well. If it is not, station owners become dyspeptic and surly and begin looking around for a bigger and better brother.

Manic of Ork: Robin Williams

Five months ago he was what Hollywood likes to call a complete nobody. A struggling comic, he had passed virtually unnoticed through improvisational clubs and two flop TV series (the revived *Laugh-In*, the *Richard Pryor Show*). Then, last fall, ABC unveiled its new offerings for the 1978-79 season. Robin Williams, 26, was given the lead in *Mork & Mindy*, a spacy sitcom, and he became what the moguls love to call an overnight star. For once the Hollywood hyperbole is actually appropriate. *Mork & Mindy* is often at the top of the charts and is seen by an average of 60 million viewers each week. To be the star of TV's No. 1 hit is to be the most highly visible show-biz personality in the country.

Mork & Mindy seems an unlikely bet for such exaltation: the program is fundamentally a retread of such tired sitcoms as *My Favorite Martian* and *Bewitched*. It tells the story of Mork (Williams), an alien eggplant, so to speak, from the planet Ork, who settles in Boulder, Colo., with a winsome ingenue, Mindy (Pam Dawber). The secret of the program's runaway success is Williams. He is not only an inspired clown but also a perfect entertainer for TV's mass audience. Mork has the innocence and enthusiasm of a toddler discovering



Williams levitates along the beach with Valerie

the world. But he is one toddler who can talk. Artless, glib, endearing, he lets the audience in on every transparent thought that whirls through his head. His rambling is wildly unpredictable, in part because Mork talks not only to himself but to three or four parts of himself—and they talk back.

Children love him because his daffy repertoire of Ork language can be mimicked endlessly. Already Mork's "nano, nano" (translation: hello) has replaced the Fon's "aaaayyyy" as the catchword of the nation's kids. Adults like his spontaneous riffs. On one program he launched into a singsong: "Shah, Shah, Ayatollah [I tol' yuhl, Shah, Shah, Ayatollah] so."

People on Ork do not have emotions. Though he can be possessive about Mindy, sex is a mystery to Mork (he did once get a crush on a department store dummy). "He has the coochy-coo quality," says a casting director at NBC. "You want to go up to him and pinch his cheeks."

It could be argued that Williams landed in the right role in the right time slot (8 p.m., when children control the nation's sets). But Williams is not so much lucky as talented. In his stand-up nightclub act, which he does for free, to keep in touch with live audiences and to try out new material, he displays a range that encompasses Jonathan Winters, Danny Kaye, Steve Martin and Daffy Duck. Though always wearing the same costume—baggy pants, loud shirts, suspenders—he

These days that bigger and better brother is ABC. Its great discovery was that kids control the dial, and that the channel turned on by a ten-year-old at 8 p.m. will often remain on through the 11 o'clock news. Hence, ABC hit upon a beginning lineup for the kids: *Happy Days*, *Welcome Back, Kotter*, *Eight Is Enough* and, this season, *Mork & Mindy*.

That strategy, coupled with pioneering mini-series like the two *Roots* and *QB VII*, has enabled the network to add 22 new stations since 1976, seducing nine from NBC and twelve from CBS. In some cities it picked up stations where it had had none before; in others it traded up, re-

placing a weaker station with a stronger one. Take away its affiliates and a network is nothing, and CBS and NBC are being slowly eaten away, an uncomfortable feeling, by all accounts. "In the past year, ABC has picked up one new affiliate a month," says Gene DeWitt, a vice president of BBDO, a leading ad agency. "Both CBS and NBC are terrified of losing their strongest stations." NBC's Minneapolis station, KSTP, is jumping to ABC this week, and several other NBC and CBS affiliates are thinking of doing the same. "The greatest pressure I feel now is to keep our affiliate lineup," acknowledges Fred Silverman. "One of my major ob-

jectives is to minimize any more affiliate changes."

There is no end to paradoxes in the TV business; yet perhaps the biggest is this: the sweeps are absolutely vital and absolutely meaningless. If each network puts its best foot forward only during the sweeps, then those months are no longer typical. Anyone who reads *TV Guide* knows that once the February specials are over, the regular series will return, and that March will bring a lot of mud.

If a network was weak in January, it will probably be just as weak in March, no matter how much it spent on stunts in between. The networks know that, the



Win, place, and show: Kurt Russell in *Elvis*, Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable in *Gone With the Wind*, Jack Nicholson in *Cuckoo's Nest*

whips in and out of a multitude of comic characterizations. He can mimic the cadences of Shakespeare, many foreign languages, an ark of animals, various machines. His act includes a redneck used-car salesman, a Russian comic, a gay director, a touchingly mad grandpa.

The man behind this comic madness is the product of a comfortable but solitary upbringing. The last child of a Ford Motor Co. vice president, Williams grew up in Chicago, the Detroit suburbs and Tiburon, near San Francisco. When left alone, he summoned up his own world, maneuvering his toy soldiers and cloning his own versions of wacky Jonathan Winters characterizations like Maude Frickert. After two stabs at college in California, he moved to New York City to study acting. For spending money, he and a partner did white-faced comedy mime in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, occasionally matching acts with Acrobat Philippe Petit, who went on to walk between the towers of New York's World Trade Center. On a boffo day, Williams made \$75.

Eventually Williams returned to San Francisco, where he hung around the city's small comedy clubs. While tending bar, he met a dancer named Valerie Valardi, whom he married last June. Valerie urged him to try the clubs in Los Angeles; she helped catalogue his material and shape his act. Once Williams had found Los Angeles' Comedy Store and improvisation, he began to get TV work.

Mork appeared first when Robin played him in a one-shot appearance on *Happy Days*. The mail response to the episode was so large that a spin-off series was created for Williams. *Mork & Mindy* was a hit even before it went on the air. Director Howard Storm recalls the series' first taping: "Most of the time the studio audience for a new show is down. They

don't know the characters. With *Mork*, they went crazy."

Now that he is famous, Williams tries to live in the same casual way. He and Valerie still like to practice yoga, play backgammon and chess, ski, surf and drive around Los Angeles for the fun of it. Privacy, however, is becoming increasingly elusive. The other day he was roller-skating in Venice, a funky, fashionable section of the city, where people like to walk around on wheels. He coasted into a phone booth to make a call, but was quickly surrounded by fans peeking through the glass. Said he: "I felt like I was in the San Diego Zoo."

Williams finds TV's ratings struggle frightening. This season he became fascinated by a short-lived NBC sitcom, *Who's Watching the Kids?* that was shot on a lot near *Mork*. "I saw its birth and death," he says wistfully. "I watched people fight for it. It is strange for me to know that I'm being used to cut the guts out of other new series." He chuckles at the talk that *Mork & Mindy* may soon have its own spin-off. "What would they spin off? It would be more like a skin graft."

Williams has an inhibiting five-year contract to play Mork, but he is moving beyond television. A comedy album is on the way, and next January he will star in the movie *Popeye*. Williams hopes that five seasons of *Mork* will not be too much. Says he: "If you find yourself stiffening up and not taking chances, then you become a situation comedy comedian."

What will not suffer is his bank account. Already Williams makes \$15,000 per episode, and that figure may soon be renegotiated upward. He and Valerie have bought an eight-room house in Topanga Canyon. Williams has not, however, joined the smart crowd in Hollywood by acquiring a Mercedes or a Rolls; he has bought a battered 1966 Land Rover. Says he: "I can't deal with new cars. I like a car that's like me—you never know what's going to happen next."

Television

stations know that, and, most important, the advertisers do too. Last month, for instance, just as sweeps fever was taking hold, Joel Segal, a vice president of the Ted Bates ad agency, virtually ordered his media buyers to make cool evaluations in February. "The sweeps weeks lead to distorted audience data in this important month for local ratings," he warned them. "The message is clearly that in estimating individual station ratings, let the spot buyer beware."

If everybody hates the sweeps, why do they exist? The answer, like everything else in television, is punctuated by dollar signs. The sweeps are estimated to cost \$25 million a year, and most of the local stations, which pay the brunt of this, think it is plenty. They are unwilling to spend more to spread the sweeps out to eight or even twelve months of the year, as the networks would like. If longer surveys are to be taken, the stations maintain, the advertisers should pick up the tab.

If it all sounds absurd, it is. Given the revenues of the industry, the cost of extending the sweeps to 52 weeks is so small as to be almost unnoticeable. By NBC's account, the additional expenses would be something like \$15 million, about what each network spent for specials in February alone. A shorter extension, which CBS would settle for, would naturally cost even less. For the networks the gain—being able to schedule in a rational and orderly manner—would far outweigh the expense. Eventually the networks will probably pay part of the cost of local, as well as national, ratings. In fact, both CBS and NBC, which suffer most from the sweeps, have already started investigating the possibility of helping their affiliates pay for their ratings. If they do, ABC might also follow suit.

Sitting on top of its Nielsen, ABC, for its part, claims to have hardly heard of the sweeps. "Our point of view has always been to schedule the network from the start of the season until the end of the season," says Network President Fred Pierce, 45, "not necessarily for any particular period. Our average for the entire season will be the same as it is in any of the so-called sweeps periods that everybody writes about." Like General Motors, which sets prices for the automobile industry, ABC now sets the tone for commercial television; it lays out its schedule, and the other two networks have to work against it.

Though Silverman, the "superprogrammer," usually has all the publicity, particularly since becoming NBC's president last year, many observers in the industry think that Pierce is really the bet-

ter programmer. Organized and low key in temperament, he has largely done away with the second guessing and last-minute, panicky decisions that plague his competitors. If there have been any internal tremors since Silverman's defection, they are not evident. Tony Thomopoulos, Silverman's replacement, seems a perfect subaltern to the superefficient Pierce. "The network is working as well as or better than when Silverman was here," says one ABC executive. "Silverman's penchant for working 22 hours a day and his personal drives caused some serious problems. Thomopoulos delegates authority well. There are no more head-to-head confrontations."

But considering ABC's strength, all Thomopoulos had to do was avoid knocking over the furniture when he moved into Silverman's office. On at least three nights of the week—Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday—the network seems so secure that the opposition might just as well give

which is a very bad parody of *Star Wars*, Monday's starter, *Salvage-1*, usually loses out to NBC's *Little House on the Prairie*.

According to Paley, CBS's problems began several years ago, when it ran out of inventory attractive shows to replace the aging hits that it started the decade with. "We made a very, very serious blunder," he says. "Maybe we were too content, but when things started to go bad, we just didn't have the inventory we used to have. This was during the time Silverman was programmer [before he moved to ABC] too, so he has to take some of the blame along with other people. I frankly didn't know we were that far behind, but when the chips were down, we just were."

To put itself back in contention, CBS restructured its entire organization in October 1977, modeling itself on the winner, ABC, and in the process replaced almost its entire executive lineup. NBC also

made big changes when Silverman arrived, and in Hollywood, where shows are produced, the standing joke is "If my boss calls, get his name." Robert Daly, president of CBS Entertainment, and Bud Grant, programming vice president, moved to Los Angeles to be nearer production. They were handed what seems to be a blank check to order pilots, giving them a much larger choice than their predecessors ever had. "They are grinding away very quietly there," says one Hollywood producer. "They are very low key, but they are working." So far, however, the results are not very impressive. One show, *Coe*



Choo! Choo! Choo! Workers prepare Supertrain for its journey to disaster

lessons in Kabuki dancing. On Tuesday, *Happy Days* leads into *Laverne & Shirley*, which is followed by *Three's Company* and *Taxi*. Wednesday is a night for everybody: *Eight Is Enough*, the quintessential family show, introduces *Charlie's Angels* and *Vega\$*, both of which unveil as much skin as the network censors will allow. On Thursday, *Mark & Mindy* is already so strong that it gave *Angie*, the show that now follows it, a 41 share of the audience on its premiere.

The other four nights, however, are ABC's weak spots. On Friday, NBC's *Different Strokes*, which began last month, is doing well, nicely beating *The Incredible Hulk* on CBS and crushing ABC's *Making It*. Unfortunately for NBC, its stockpile of good shows is so low that it cannot capitalize on such a strong lead-in: there is nothing for an encore. ABC also starts behind on Saturday, with the mindless *Delta House*; but the night is saved by *Love Boat* and *Fantasy Island*, both strong, fatuously cheerful shows. Sunday is also a downer for ABC, with the grotesque *Battlestar Galactica*,

Fever, was taken off the air after the first outing. Others, like *Paper Chase*, have been switched around so often that no one knows from week to week where they will be—a scheduling sin now committed by all the networks. "When they moved our show up to 10 o'clock on Tuesday our ratings picked up substantially," says John Houseman, 76, who plays the world's most formidable law professor in *Paper Chase*. "Now we are back to 8 p.m. against *Happy Days*, and we are going to be pre-empted twice in March. You can't build an audience that way. Bill Paley told me that he is very proud of our show and wishes more people would watch it." Sounding like the character he plays, Houseman adds, "But I'm the specimen that is trotted out to show how respectable CBS is. I am token quality, and I am not overflowing with gratitude."

At Fred Silverman's NBC there is so much movement that the RCA building, which has never before known so much activity, almost visibly shakes. But the network is further behind today than it was a year ago. Silverman more than dou-

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THE RT 707

Television

bled his California programming staff, adding 21 "talent" executives so quickly that the entire Hollywood press office had to move into trailers to make room for them. The trailers were immediately christened the Silverman Express. Then, in an unprecedented action last fall, Silverman dumped all seven of NBC's new shows, replacing them earlier this year with those more in his image. Most have been disasters, but none has failed quite so resoundingly as *Supertrain*, which cost almost \$12 million just to pull out of the station.

Supertrain was supposed to be the "Little Engine that Could" for NBC, the series that would pull it out of its midseason lows. But the network tried to do a big, complex show in less than half the time it requires. Producer Dan Curtis, 51, played Casey Jones, but even he was nonplused when he was asked last August to execute Programmer

are complaining that both CBS and NBC want too much too fast. "Everybody is being drained, and there is a waste of talent," says Ed Montanus, president of MGM television (*How the West Was Won*, *CHiPs*). "Some of the really good writers and producers are becoming disillusioned and moving out. We're working in a Barnum & Bailey atmosphere, and the guy with the strongest stomach is going to win."

What those stomachs are supposed to provide is belly laughs, and all three networks are emphasizing comedy, with 15 comedy pilots being considered by NBC alone. Building on *Different Strokes*, Silverman hopes to win Friday night with laughter, just as ABC's giggles have locked up Tuesday. "People want to laugh," he says. "They just want to look at television and forget their troubles. I'm not a psychologist, but I would imag-

run in place. As they struggle to be No. 1, the networks are beginning to look increasingly alike. Within the space of a few weeks, earlier this year, for instance, all three introduced imitations of the hit movie *Animal House*. All were bad.

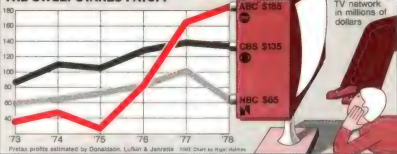
Since about 1950, when TV really got started in the U.S., Americans have had a love affair with the tube, and each year the number of viewers rose. In 1977 Nielsen gave the networks a scare, however, with statistics indicating that for the first time viewing was down by a fraction. They felt relieved when Nielsen showed that the pattern was up again in 1978, but last week the *Washington Post*, in a nationwide sample, confirmed the earlier findings: in a random poll of 1,693 people, the *Post* reported that 53% said they were watching less TV than they were five years ago. Only 32% said that they were watching more. Any show, no matter how good, has a fatigue factor, and after a time viewership automatically drops. Perhaps a fatigue factor has set in for the whole medium.

Of all the network bosses, Paley seems to be most aware of the problem. "I think there's something in the air that says we want something better," he declares. His solution is to treat the ratings race something like the arms race, with the networks fashioning their own SALT treaty: All three, he says, should give two hours a week to high-quality programs that would not be rated at 17.

Each one would take a different night, and the public would have a total of six hours of fine viewing. "It would give the mass audience an opportunity to sample things they haven't tasted before," he says. "There might be—I think there would be—an elevation in taste and interest." Both Silverman and Pierce, however, say that they are already offering such programs. The Pax Paley will probably be more elusive than an Arab-Israeli peace.

The networks must also worry about a whole range of new competitors. Cable and pay TV are siphoning off more viewers each year; videocassette recorders enable people to record and watch shows at their own leisure, at least partially negating all the network attempts to find a strong 8 o'clock lead-in; and relatively cheap videocassettes will soon allow people to buy their own shows to play again and again. Public television is becoming increasingly popular and even the local affiliates are less reliable. They are frequently bumping network shows and replacing them with syndicated specials like *Edward the King*. The networks, in short, may soon be fighting for a smaller prize. Whether that will increase or reduce the chaos in television programming remains, quite literally, to be seen.

THE SWEEPSTAKES PAYOFF



Paul Klein's idea. "What the hell is it," he asked. "*Love Boat* on wheels?" Oh, no, he was told; it would be more on the order of Hitchcock's *North by Northwest*, mystery-comedy with a high sheen. The nightmare began at once. Set builders hammered away 24 hours a day, seven days a week, often without finished designs to follow. Before the standing sets were finished, the cinematographer and most of his crew had quit, along with all the carpenters and many of the construction workers. The miniatures, used for exterior shots of a speeding train, were wrecked twice, once in a flood, once when an overpowered engine jumped the track. Script and casting problems were just as bad. One script ripped off Hitchcock's *Strangers on a Train*; another leaned very hard on *The Prisoner of Zenda*. In addition, most of Curtis' first-choice performers were unavailable so fast. Something eventually came of all the effort, but it scarcely seemed worth the money. Reviews were awful; ratings were as bad. In its last outing, *Supertrain* received only 19% of the audience.

Like CBS, NBC is giving more money to the Hollywood TV factories, and, as it prepares next fall's schedule, it has 55 pilots to choose from. Instead of being overjoyed at all the work, however, producers

ine that that's the root of the current trend."

The question is how long Silverman has to make good. One of his old bosses, Bill Paley, thinks the test will come next fall; up to now he has not had time, so the argument goes, to show his stuff. Many others doubt that he can do much until the summer of 1980, when the network will automatically command the air waves with the Moscow Olympics. Silverman himself seems to lean toward that timetable. "If I had a crystal ball and predicted what television will look like by the end of 1980," he says, "my judgment would be that CBS and NBC would be on top. But what I learned from *Supertrain* is that there really are no short cuts, no substitute for careful thought and movement in very deliberate ways. This business of coming in with smoke and mirrors and doing a hat trick is nonsense."

Everybody in television has his own crystal ball, however, and most of them show the end of 1980 looking remarkably like the beginning of 1979. ABC will be on top, according to that vision, and CBS and NBC will still be battling for No. 2. The ratings race will be even more intense than it is now, and all three networks will be spending more and more—and enjoying it less and less—just to

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Talking Heads: A Triptych of Network Chiefs on Thrust,

Fred Pierce

This is the golden age of television. For the creative person the world is his oyster. There are no bounds of time; there are no bounds of physical presentation. During the '50s, *Playhouse 90* was on every week, and the image of that stands out in everybody's mind. There were great things done then, but there are also enormously great things done now. Television is much better now than it was in the '50s. It's a healthier medium.

I grew up with television, and my family grew up with television. I've been at ABC for 22 years, so I've been training in the bullpen. I came up through all the areas for like 17 or 18 years, and I've come through every part of ABC. I knew all the players, I knew how things worked, I knew how things could get done, and I had an appreciation and a respect for the medium and what it can do and should do. I had a respect for the viewer. Basically ABC has been my occupation in my adult life. When I took my job 4½ years ago, I had the backing of top management, and even when times weren't good, we were doing the necessary development and investment spending. We operated out of a coordinated organizational thrust, and, very frankly, we just took the fear out of decision making and



programming and a consistency in our scheduling.

We planned what kinds of programs we were going to put on and the amount of lead time we were going to allow to develop things of broader significance. We began several innovations: we created a whole new form of novel for television that broke the traditional time barrier, things you can't do in theater or in motion pictures. *QB VII* was the first major novel. It ran seven or eight hours. It's interesting to watch how we have moved into areas of social significance. There is a television movie coming up called *The Cracker Factory*; it is a story about a person who goes through a breakdown. And one called *Child Stealing*, which is about couples getting divorced and stealing the children from their mates.

Nothing is very precise in this business, but I think we've directed the center of our shows attitudinally at a younger marketplace. Younger is a very broad definition, by the way. We try to direct the main thrust to adults who are under a certain age bracket. But we also want to interrelate characters within those



William Paley

What you try to reach for in television is that show that will play to all audiences, and once in a while you hit it. *All in the Family* was one. We all appreciate that the younger audience has almost complete control of the set, and since you want to get the set on and tuned to your station, you make a special effort to get shows on in the early evening that appeal to a younger audience.

There's sort of a feeling now that the younger generation—and I'm talking about the very young—is almost irresponsible in the way it looks upon life. I don't say it is irresponsible, but it looks irresponsible to those of us who are older. People like myself have to keep their mouths shut when they see certain things that represent what the much younger generation wants. But, in this business at least, one always has to remember that he's not scheduling a network to please himself. He has to know his own limitations as well as his strengths.

When another network has got that younger audience, you say to yourself: "Well, now, there are a lot of adults around who don't like this, and if we get all of them, we'll have a hell of an audience. So let's put in something that's completely contrary." We did that with *60 Minutes*,



which is on from 7 to 8 o'clock Sunday night. If there's ever an hour for children, that's it. But by God, our strategy worked! We tried the same thing with *Paper Chase*, and it

didn't work, or hasn't worked yet.

If you take one trend that has gone faster than anything else in the past ten years or so, it's the emphasis on reality, and I think that came about because of the success of *All in the Family*. We put that show on with great reservations. We thought we'd be in deep trouble, not only because of objections to that kind of show but because [we feared] it just wouldn't develop a large audience. We were wrong on both counts, thank God.

When we were programming, we always had what we called this "goal for consensus," and I used to encourage everybody to talk out. There was a free-for-all. I think maybe my voice was a little stronger than other voices—it had greater authority—and to some extent I did dominate the discussions. I do less of that now. It is time now for other people to start taking responsibility, so I will hold back more than I used to. I don't know who the next fellow with the loudest voice is going to be, but they're around. It takes a person a little time before he has the courage not only to speak up, but also to be wrong. If you're not prepared to be

shows that appeal to segments on both ends. If you want to have a program, for example, whose heartbeat is to teenagers and adults under 50, you try to have elements within those shows that appeal to under-teens and people over 50 at the same time. So you cover the spectrum. It's a very subtle but significant thing in terms of broadening your audience base.

A lot of the shows we have on encourage family viewing together. What we have tried to do, particularly in the initial hour of the evening, is to put on shows that encourage people to sit down and watch with their kids and have a dialogue. *Happy Days* and *Laverne & Shirley* really reinforce certain things within a family as they watch together. One of the most pleasing things is that not only is *Mork & Mindy* an enormous success, but that the social comment and the moral point made at the end of that show every week are just overwhelming. It is a message about our society. The last time I happened to watch it, it was about Mork's own emotions coming out and how he felt freed.

The focus, unfortunately, is always on the rating battle and on what are the top ten shows. I mean, it's like a crime if you're not in the top ten these days, which is mind boggling. You can have a show that reaches 14 million or 15 million households, and it may be ranked in the top 40. Somehow or other, it's written up as a potential miss, which is something I find rather extraordinary. But television is like a lightning rod. I don't think it's any more competitive than it's been. It just may appear that way outwardly. ■

Appeal, Consensus, Risks, Holes, Fun, Meaning and ...



Fred Silverman

In a very short period of time the television business turned upside down. All of a sudden an upstart network dominated prime time, and there was a shattering effect on the business. Five or ten years ago, there were only 2½ networks, and there used to be jokes about ABC. Now ABC is very much a factor. The moment they upset that balance it was an entirely different situation. CBS had enjoyed a leadership position for 20 years. They were just not accustomed to being second to anyone. And NBC, which for years was content with being a good solid second, all of a sudden was in third place.

Now I think it's old news that ABC is No. 1. I look at things from a historical perspective. There's an inevitability that just the way it came up, that network is going to go down. It may be this year. It may be next year, but it's going to happen. Now I believe it's going to be our turn. The trick will be making the right moves. To me the biggest challenge of the first year at NBC is to make sure the top management represents the absolute cream in the broadcast business. Without it I just can't succeed.

A good executive starts out with a point of view, and in the next few years,

I would like NBC to be perceived as the best network and the most successful network. Notice that I didn't say No. 1. I said the best and most successful. Because if you're the best and most successful,

you are automatically No. 1. And I don't mean the best just in prime time, but the best news operation, the best sports operation, and the best radio and television stations. We'd like to do more in public affairs than anybody else.

In the meantime, you have to keep the ship afloat. You have to get on the air every day. You have to think about today while you're making plans for next year and the year after that. But you hope that everything you do on a day-to-day basis brings you closer to the long-term goal. I can guarantee that the schedule we'll announce for the fall will be much different from the schedule we've announced at midseason. There will be more time to work on the material, and it will fit much more closely into the long term.

I have a very simple point of view about prime-time television. We should have a schedule that consists primarily of weekly television series, and we should do as much as we can not to disrupt this schedule. My feeling is that there's a place for special programming. But if you're going to schedule special programs, they've got to meet one of two criteria: number



one, they have to be important enough to do better in circulation than the shows you're pre-empting; number two is that they should really be good shows. If you're going to put a special on the air, put one on that has some meaning. I don't care what ABC does [during the sweeps]. If they want to stunt themselves to death, fine. We are just not going to be a party to that.

ABC is vulnerable everywhere in the long run. History will repeat itself. The one problem they've always had is that they don't know when to move on to something new. If 77 *Sunset Strip* works, do five other shows like it. They kill off the whole cycle. My belief is that when people start to tire of these shows—as inevitably they will—it won't be one show, it will be the total schedule.

My feeling is that the print media has created a lot of the frenzy (over ratings) by overcovering them. When I see the *New York Times* print the top ten shows every week, I kind of chuckle. Right next to the list is [Critic] John O'Connor asking why can't we be more like the BBC and public television. I chuckle because I think it's very hypocritical. If they honestly stand by their television critic and want better shows, why are they on the very same page printing a list of the top ten? The problem is that we have to get back to the way the business used to be. The moment we start getting back, everybody is going to be a lot happier.

You have to learn to be very, very cool. You just can't lose sight of what it is you want to do. I like it to be a prizefighter. You get knocked down, but at the count of eight you get up, and you go right in and start again. That's all you can do. ■

wrong from time to time, you're not going to be a great programmer, because that means you're not prepared to take risks. And you have to take risks if you want newer and more exciting things.

I don't like all CBS's shows, but I watch them all. You're always looking for ways whereby a show can be improved, and I'm fairly good at that. I can see holes that sometimes other people don't see. The details are terribly important, terribly important. I might get excited about the way a person is dressed, or a character who is emphasizing one particular thing too much, or getting laughs just for the sake of getting laughs and not advancing the story line. A lot of people will do anything just to get a laugh. But that laugh can have a very bad effect on everything else in the program.

Shows have got a life like everything else. We've had shows that were so popular you would have thought they'd be on for 50 years. But they die out, little by little. You can almost smell it happening. We're looking for that in [ABC's shows], but they were smart enough to produce a lot of things while they were so successful. Which is where we'll be again, I think, next fall. That's when the real battle is going to begin.

Starting this month we will have pilots to look at for the 1979-80 season, and we will put our schedule to bed in April. Those are the anxious days. Those are the days we sit around, and we look and look and look, and discuss and discuss and discuss, and weed and weed and weed. Suddenly a lot of things disappear, and there are certain ones left. It's just sort of magical. Putting together a schedule is the greatest fun in the world. ■

Living

Devouring a Small Country Inn

Octopus, veal, mussels, mousses and unwelcome fame

Next to blabbing of his amours, the most heinous offense a gentleman may commit is to divulge the name and whereabouts of that movable mecca, the small, inexpensive, discrete, family owned restaurant with a menu of rare enticements and three-fork ambience. The temptation to tell can be strong. John McPhee, 48, author of the bestselling portrait of Alaska, *Coming into the Country*, and other books, not only is a gentleman but a gourmet and a cook; he is also a compulsive describer. He compromised. In the Feb. 19 *New Yorker*, McPhee devoted a 25,000-word profile to his favorite restaurant, its pseudonymous owner-chef "Otto" and his *sommelière-pâtissière* wife, Latvian-born "Anne who is not known as Anne."

No eat-and-tell bistro dropper, Mc-



Author John McPhee

la marinara; veal cordon bleu; fillet of grouper oursinade (with sea urchin roe); smoked shad-roe pâté mousse; mussels à la poulette (with a velouté sauce); octopus al amarillo; conch chowder; and numerous other marvels. McPhee also reported the chef's irreverent comments on several New York restaurants, including Lutèce, which Otto accused of serving frozen turbot.

Hell hath no fury like a restaurant critic scorned. In the world of culinary journalism,

the great Otto flap caused almost as much consternation as the 1926 disappearance of Agatha Christie did in London. None of the professional eaters-out knew who Otto might be or where. Reporters pumped other reporters, chefs, food authors, anyone who might draw a bead on the wayward *cuisinier*. McPhee was be-

condary Otto had sold that hideaway last May and hoisted his toque over an old saloon in Shohola, Pa., that he rechristened The Bullhead. The inn is 90.5 miles from midtown Manhattan. The politician, it turned out, was president of the bank where the couple got their mortgage for the new place. The *Times's* Holmes and Watson dined there that night. Their reservation was in the name of McCarthy.

Alas, poor Otto! His *couvert* was blown. Sheraton and Priol identified the elusive Paul Bocuse of the Poconos as one "Allen Lieb." (Actually, he spells it Alan.) As for the dishes he served these wisepersons from the city, Sheraton's comments ranged from "passable" to "truly awful," with a small grating of praise for a delicate fish *pâté* and a cake or two. Her summation: "Allen Lieb, sincere and well intentioned though he may be, has a long way to go both in developing his own palate for seasoning and combining ingredients, and mastering basic cooking techniques." Oof!

As for Lieb's published remark about Lutèce's frozen turbot, that accusation stirred temblors in Manhattan stockpots. Lutèce's Chef André Soltnier indignantly produced fish market receipts to show one and all that his turbot was fresh. Lieb apologized, and the usually meticulous *New Yorker*, accused of publishing a canard, explained that to preserve Otto's anonymity, it had taken the exceptional step of allowing the author of the piece to do most of the checking on his own.

Sometimes one cannot see the *forestière* for the trees. To be sure, the Liebs' Bullhead is not Alain Chapel's *plaisanterie* in Mionnay or Lasserre in Paris. Nonetheless, Alan-Otto, trained in European restaurants, and his Anna Rozmarja, who is known as Ronnie—they are both 40 years old—run a warm and welcoming restaurant that draws regular patrons from great distances. Alan's reach may exceed his grasp, and Ronnie does not always make a perfect *gâteau*. But they are delighted by the Sheraton pan, hoping it will defuse their new fame. Says Ronnie, "We just don't have the energy or capacity to deal with crowds."

New Yorker Editor William Shawn, 71—who eats faithfully at the Algonquin—maintains: "I look at McPhee's profile as a beautifully written literary piece, constructed on facts but still a literary piece." He has "no regrets." Nor does John McPhee. "The only reaction I might have," he says, "would be to the shocks we caused, and wonder over the results." ■



The Bullhead in Shohola, Pa., owned by the elusive "Otto" and "Anne"

A *New Yorker* paean, a *New York Times* pan and a platter of publicity.

Phee protected his sauces, revealing only that his special place is "more than five miles and less than a hundred from the triangle formed by La Grenouille, Lutèce and Le Cygne," three of Manhattan's starriest caravansaries. He did not so much as hint where it might be. In New Jersey? Upstate New York? Pennsylvania? Connecticut? Staten Island? A mirage?

McPhee's piece was not so much a profile as a paean. At this "sort of farmhouse-inn that is neither farm nor inn," McPhee wrote, he had downed 20 to 30 of the best meals he had consumed anywhere, including France's most illustrious restaurants. The article, as if written by Brillat-Savarin and annotated by Asimov, recounted in minute and salivating detail Otto's preparation of dozens of dishes from his repertory of 600 *coquilbats*, the Russian hot fish pie; *osso bucco*; *paella à*

sieged by calls; so was *The New Yorker*, which did not, in fact, know Otto's identity. The Washington *Post* published several guesses—one was correct—but did not pursue the story.

Mimi Sheraton, 53, the *New York Times's* remorseless food critic, and Frank Priol, 48, who writes about wine for the paper, deduced that Otto's place would most likely be fairly near McPhee's home in Princeton, N.J. They sicced a stringer onto the story, says Priol. "He called politicians in the area, figuring they like to eat, too." Indeed. The gastro-nomic gumshoe tracked down a Pike County Republican bigwig who confirmed the team's suspicion that the bistro described in *The New Yorker* was the Red Fox Inn in Milford, Pa. However, the leg-



Lieb at bay



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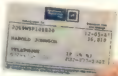
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Music



Chéreau's stark, monochromatic staging captures the harshness of *Lulu*

Lulu Is the Toast of Paris

After 43 years a modern masterpiece is finally complete

Three of opera's "great progressivists," Igor Stravinsky once declared, were Gluck, Wagner—and the Viennese modernist Alban Berg. Stravinsky was not being merely provocative. As the years go by, Berg's claim to belong in such illustrious company looks more and more secure. It rests on two complex, powerful works, *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*, that in effect brought opera into the 20th century. *Lulu*, in particular, packed traditional operatic emotion and drama into the most advanced of forms, the twelve-tone system devised by Berg's teacher, Arnold Schoenberg.

Indeed *Lulu*, the tragedy of a dancer whose almost mythic embodiment of the erotic principle wreaks universal destruction and death, seemed to be the one modern opera that had everything: electrifying theatricality, sex, moral seriousness, virtuosic scoring—everything, that is, except a third act. When he died in 1935, Berg had completed the third act *particella*, or short score; but he left the orchestration incomplete and the act was never published. Ever since, opera companies have had to present *Lulu* in two acts, with a makeshift third act tacked on.

But now in Paris, the opera world's most tantalizing other shoe has finally dropped. The Paris Opéra presented the first-ever full-length *Lulu*, third act and all. To Rolf Liebermann, the Paris Opéra's general director, it was the culmination of a 30-year quest. To Conductor Pierre Boulez, it was belated "justice to a work that has been mutilated." To the black-tie audience of statesmen, artistic leaders, 200 music critics and assorted opera buffs, it was a triumph and, to some, a perplexity.

The triumph of the production was that it laid out the full span of Berg's in-

tricate, marvelous score, seamlessly completed by Viennese Composer Friedrich Cerha. It was given an exhilarating performance by Boulez, with notably precise, transparent playing by the Paris Opéra orchestra.

Soprano Teresa Stratas had to rely more on temperament and stagecraft than on an overtaxed voice, especially in the punishing higher reaches of Berg's writing. But her Lulu was sexy and mercurial, as much the victim as the exploiter of her powers. She was superbly matched by Baritone Franz Mazura's richly shaded portrayal of the newspaper magnate Dr. Schön, Lulu's patron and eventual husband. The rest of the cast was excellent too: Tenor Robert Tear as a naive painter undone by Lulu, and Bass-Baritone Toni Blankenheim as the mysterious Schigolch, Lulu's father, a former lover or perhaps a symbol of death.

Berg's libretto, brilliantly compressed by the composer from two works by the German playwright Frank Wedekind, fared less well, and therein lay the perplexity. The production was staged by French Director Patrice Chéreau, 34, who has built a controversial career on the apparent principle that anything worth doing is worth doing outrageously. His avant-garde *Ring* cycle for the 1976 Bayreuth Festival drew boos and hisses as well as cheers, and is still hotly debated internationally by Wagnerians.

Chéreau began by shifting the action from the upholstered, hypocritical *fin de siècle*

to the 1930s, in the shadow of Nazism. He and Designer Richard Peduzzi placed the singers amidst stark mausoleum-like sets in monochromatic blacks and grays, all vast, sterile spaces and icy slabs of marble. The results captured the harsh, merciless qualities of the opera perhaps too well. They were undeniably powerful, particularly in the hair-raising scene in which Lulu guns down Schön on an enormous staircase. They were also brutal and at times faintly ludicrous, like some bad dream by Albert Speer.

Previous productions broke off after Lulu, imprisoned for murdering Schön, escapes and takes up a fugitive life with Schön's son and other admirers. The third act reveals that Berg rounded off the story with telling symmetry. Lulu descends through a succession of men and social strata that mirror those she rose through in the first two acts. Accordingly, Berg's music for her decline is shot through with echoes, correspondences and recapitulations of earlier moments. When Lulu is reduced to streetwalking in London, Berg called for her three clients to be played by the same singers who previously played her victims. The last of these, corresponding to the murdered Schön, is Jack the Ripper, who kills Lulu.

Here again Chéreau's treatment, often strikingly effective in its own terms, followed Berg's structure erratically. He identified two of Lulu's customers with her former lovers but not the third. Where Berg set Lulu's grisly end in an attic, Chéreau was led by his monumental staging scheme to place it in what looked like an abandoned subway station.

Erratic or not, Chéreau's solutions will set the standard of comparison for the many full-length productions that are sure to follow. The problematic third act has been from the start one of the opera world's chief prizes and puzzles. World

War II brought an inhospitable climate for productions of *Lulu*, since the Nazis regarded it as *entartete Kunst* (decadent art), but thereafter it began to enter the international repertory. Approaches to other composers about finishing the third act had ended inconclusively. Opera managers vied for the chance to present the first complete performance: Liebermann made his first bid in 1950, when he was musical director of Radio Zurich. But they literally did not have a ghost of a chance. Berg's widow and musical executrix, Helene, claimed that her husband's spirit made nocturnal visitations to her in which he opposed completion (Berg scholars have recently suggested another motive: resentment



Soprano Stratas

Music

by Berg's widow of an autumnal love affair that may have partly inspired *Lulu*.)

Early in the 1960s Berg's publishers, Universal Edition in Vienna, quietly commissioned Cerha to proceed with the orchestration anyway. After Helene Berg's death at 92 in 1976, a genteel scramble ensued. Liebermann had a secret advantage in Boulez, long the publishers' first choice to conduct the premiere.

Boulez's view of *Lulu* is close to Stravinsky's. "As Mahler did for the symphony, Berg simultaneously amplified and destroyed the traditional outline," Boulez says. "Today the relationship between music and theater requires different con-

ditions, for which Berg set the precedent."

Certainly no composer more closely tied each note to an onstage gesture, nor spun out a more painstakingly detailed and significant structure. It is a miraculous kind of mathematical puzzle. The whole of *Lulu* is based on a single twelve-tone row, which is Lulu's theme. All of the opera's other themes, accompaniments and leitmotifs are derived from endlessly ingenious extrapolations, inversions, retrogrades and other variations of the original row. These in turn are rigorously organized in a series of traditional forms. There is an extensive sonata structure in Lulu's scenes with Schön; a

rondo for Lulu's more ambiguous encounter with Schön's son; a canon in which one voice following another imitates the painter's pursuit of Lulu; and so on.

The practiced listener cannot take in all these subtleties. But anyone can feel them—and feel is the word. Faithful as he was to the atonal vision of his mentor Schoenberg, Berg never left behind the yearning romanticism of Mahler and Wagner. *Lulu* retains a spontaneous, passionate life of its own. In projecting that passionate life musically, if not always dramatically, the Paris production presented a modern masterpiece on its rightful scale.

—Christopher Porterfield

Cinema

Strike Busting

NORMA RAE

Directed by Martin Ritt

Screenplay by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr.

Norma Rae is the story of trashy white woman (Sally Field), a textile worker in a small Southern town, who discovers that she actually has a social conscience when a labor organizer (Ron Leibman) arrives at her mill to establish a union. Despite his education and his uplifting concerns, he is a rainmaker figure, a man capable of breaking through the various dins (of factory, family and juke joints) that have drowned out the voice of Norma Rae's best instincts. His winning out over her suspicions (there is a romantic attraction here that is wisely left unconsumed) and their joint triumph over a union-busting mill management are the basis for a film that is serious and intelligent, but that attracts more respect than affection.

The fault is surely not Field's or Leibman's. Each is at once tough and vulnerable and, above all, engagingly high-spirited. And their roles are well written. Norma Rae's somewhat checkered sexual history, we come to understand, represents the only locally available outlet for a venturesome, restless but essentially very moral spirit. She has, we see, merely been waiting for something more rewarding to occupy her energies and her realistic, feisty if untutored mind. The character of Reuben, the organizer, represents a triumph of sorts. He is the first accurate representation onscreen of a type that has proved to be dramatically elusive: the New York Jewish intellectual-activist. Such a person is usually the odd man out, an exotic everywhere in America beyond his native streets. Yet frequently he is capable of winning out over prejudice and suspicion with his quick wit and his obvious humanity.

How is it that the movie fails to en-



Sally Field as Norma Rae

Tough, vulnerable, high-spirited.

gage us? There is the well-realized meeting between two curious and disparate minds. Added to this is a sweet courtship and real marriage between Field and a gas station attendant (Beau Bridges), a man with few brains but good, patient instincts. The problem lies in story development. There is something dreadfully predictable about the way the tale moves. When Norma Rae finally causes all the machines in the mill to be stopped through the sheer force of her belief in justice, our response is to wonder why it took so long for the film makers to reach this big scene. It is the same with other sequences: company goons on the attack, the death of Norma Rae's father from overwork. There is an awful familiarity here and in Martin Ritt's conventional staging. The angles and editing are those of 30 years ago, and they seem less a reversion to classicism than a confession of creative failure.

It hurts to say this. We need more movies about the realities of workaday life in America and more about ordinary

women dealing with ordinary problems of making a life and a living. One very much wants to like *Norma Rae* better than one in good critical conscience can.

—Richard Schickel

Out to Lunch

WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER

Directed by Milton Katselas
Screenplay by Mark Medoff

When *You Comin' Back, Red Ryder* is an orgy for masochists. For two hours the audience is trapped with a collection of loathsome people who take turns showering one another with verbal and physical abuse. It would be nice to say that there is some brilliant point to the repulsive goings-on, but none ever presents itself.

The movie has been adapted by Mark Medoff from his own 1973 off-Broadway play. Like so many well-made American dramas, it is a long day's journey into night: the characters slowly reveal the sad truths of their misbegotten lives. The difference between Medoff's play and other recent exercises in theatrical soul baring (from *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* to *Champion Season*) is the catalyst that provokes the truth-telling. It is not booze that loosens the characters' tongues but a gun.

The pistol belongs to Teddy (Marjoe Gortner), an aging, long-haired rebel who marches into a New Mexico diner one morning in 1968 and proceeds to hold both the hash-slinging employees and the dyspeptic customers hostage. Teddy's aim is really not to rob or murder his captives but to humiliate them. He forces a haughty middle-class tourist (Lee Grant) to bare her breasts; he makes cruel fun of the diner's crippled owner (Pat Hingle); he tells a fat young waitress (Stephanie Faracy) that she is doomed forever to spinsterhood. By the time that Teddy departs, his victims have been stripped of their self-

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Cinema

delusions. Meanwhile, the audience has been treated to a headache-inducing avalanche of shouting matches and two-bit catharses.

Milton Katselas' direction of *Red Ryder* does not serve Medoff well. As anyone who saw Katselas' *Report to the Commissioner* knows, he likes to let actors chew up the scenery. Gortner's portrayal of Teddy is as overblown as Michael Moriarty's star turn in *Commissioner*; he is such a bundle of stylized theatrical tics that Teddy's unpleasantness never becomes psychologically interesting. He is just a shrieking, obnoxious madman, an unintentional *Mud* magazine parody of Al Pacino in *Dog Day Afternoon*.

Some of the protagonist's prey fare better. Though at times hobbled by ac-



Gortner and Grant in *Red Ryder*
Greasy-spoon masochism.

cent difficulties, British Actor Peter Firth (*Equus*) is surprisingly convincing as the title character, a sullen, ducktailed counterboy with vague cowboy dreams of glory. TV's Hal Linden, playing Grant's stuffy suburban husband, makes something fresh out of a stereotype, as does Faracy. Unfortunately, these performers must share the screen with Grant and Candy Clark, who turn already hysterical women into harriads. "Filth! Filth!" Grant screams at Gortner, in one of the movie's many unwatchable moments.

None of the actors is helped in the least by the film makers' attempts to open up the original play. Once we see that the characters can be explained away by their conventionally pathetic home lives, they become mere Freudian clichés. Yet, hard as it is to identify with Medoff's characters, it is even harder to decipher the script's themes. For all Teddy's references to drugs, frontier mythology and Viet Nam, the movie has little to say about the '60s, violence or American values. If there is any lesson to be learned from *Red Ryder*, it is only that one should think twice before entering roadside greasy spoons.

—Frank Rich

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Cinema

The Damned

IN PRAISE OF OLDER WOMEN

Directed by George Kaczender

Screenplay by Paul Gottlieb

It is bad enough being an older woman in our society without being damned by the faint praise of this entirely fatuous, Canadian-made, soft-core film. Based on a novel by Stephen Vizinczey, it traces the romantic career of a youth (Tom Berenger) from his teen-age sexual initiation (by Karen Black, who betrays a certain nervousness in this comedown role) through various tedious amatory escapades with a number of older women. Some of them, despite the title and the flatteringly worldly tone of the picture, actually treat him quite badly. This seems only fair, since he is himself either callous or exploitative in other episodes. All the couplings are accompanied by doltish dialogue, and they are staged with an amateurishness that would get them hooted off the screen in any decently managed hard-core house. And, though the women are not required to expose much of themselves, what they do reveal is photographed in a most unappealing manner. What's worse, the Hungarian revolution of 1956 is gratuitously hauled into the picture to give spurious significance to one of the hero's adventures. This trivialization of real tragedy seems the only truly pornographic thing about the movie, proof that it does not have even the courage of its own snickering commercial convictions. —R.S.



Berenger in *Older Women*

Faint praise in doltish dialogue.

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Theater

Razor's Edge

SWEENEY TODD

Music and Lyrics by

Stephen Sondheim

Book by Hugh Wheeler

Sweeney Todd is one giant step for vegetarianism. Sweeney (Len Cariou), "the Demon Barber of Fleet Street," slits the throats of stray clients and deposits their bodies with Mrs. Lovett (Angela Lansbury), who has them ground up and served as meat pies in her pie shoppe. This musical is a black-comedy opera with helpings of ha'penny Brecht. Its underlying theme, and *épater le bourgeois* tone, is that man exists only to eat or be eaten by his fellows.

Sweeney is a victim of injustice. Railroaded to Australia by Judge Turpin (Edmund Lyndeck), a lecher who coveted Sweeney's beautiful wife, Sweeney escapes and returns to find his wife seemingly dead and his daughter a ward of the judge. Sweeney vows vengeance. His neighbor Mrs. Lovett has preserved his razor, and the grisly culinary combine of Lovett and Todd begins operations. There's many a slit 'twixt the throat and the lip before the cup of revenge spills over.



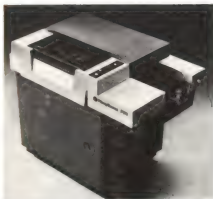
Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury as the oddest of business couples in *Sweeney Todd*

A grisly scion of the *House of Usher* and a blowzy proprietor of a meat pie shoppe

Most of Stephen Sondheim's score matches the best competition—Stephen Sondheim. However, Broadway's *Uris Theater* is the worst place to hear his intricately clever lyrics. As a tractor factory, the cavernous *Uris* might pass muster, but as a theater, no. Irony is

Sondheim's razor, and its cutting edge is equally present in bittersweet ballads (*Pretty Women*, *Johanna*) or in *A Little Priest*, an antic account of what kinds of pies the varying professions taste like ("Here's a politician so oily/ It's served with a dolly").

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INTRODUCING THE

As Sweeney, Cariou performs with epic ashen gravity like a scion of the House of Usher summoned forth by Poe. Quite wonderful and totally different is Lansbury's Mrs. Lovett, a blowsy pragmatist as wickedly succulent as one of her pies. Within a broodingly ominous iron-clad set, Harold Prince directs his accomplished forces with the flash, flourish and panache of a Broadway Patton.

But to what end? Nature abhors a moral vacuum, and no sophistication of style can fill it.

— T.E. Kalem

Sassy Stoic

ON GOLDEN POND
by Ernest Thompson

The first thing one hears is the cry of birds. A solitary figure shuffles in like a molting heron wearing steel-rimmed spectacles. He is Norman Thayer Jr. (Tom Aldredge), hater of the New York Yankees, high dental fees and, most of all, the thought of turning 80. For 48 years, Norman and his wife Ethel (Frances Sternhagen) have summered at their Maine cottage on Golden Pond.

Too gentle to rage against the dying of the light, Norman goes in for a good sassy snarl. Rather like the father in "Da," he is one of those curmudgeons you grow fond of simply because he is so deadpan funny. But his sarcastic bark is a stoic



Aldredge and Sternhagen in *Golden Pond*
Taming and pampering a paper lion.

camouflage for his losing bite on life. In one affecting scene, Norman goes out to pick strawberries and returns shortly with an empty pail. A memory lapse has prevented him from recognizing the old path and reduced him to a frightened child seeking the solace of a familiar face.

Frances Sternhagen's Ethel is more than a comforter. She is a diminutive fortress of a woman. Brave, resilient, compassionate, she has spent a lifetime taming and pampering her paper lion. But with all that, she cannot seem to restore Norman's faltering appetite for living. In his first Broadway play, Ernest Thompson, 29, soundly realizes that it takes young blood to send old blood coursing.

Young blood is in the wings. The Thayers' long absent and somewhat alienated daughter (Barbara Andres) arrives with her current lover, a divorced dentist (Stan Lachow), and, more important, the dentist's 13-year-old son Billy (Mark Bendo). Billy is parked with the Thayers for a few weeks, and Norman takes a shine to the kid. He teaches him how to fish, and Billy, a bit of a smart-ass, brushes up Norman's archaic lingo with such modernisms as "suckface" for "to kiss." A brush with death further restores Norman's zest for life and schools Ethel in the sweet scary brevity of it.

The luminous performances of Aldredge and Sternhagen make the price of a theater ticket seem paltry. This is the kind of acting that goes into the memory bank of treasured theatrical experiences. Director Craig Anderson never inflates the modest human scale and substance of the work. *On Golden Pond* makes hearts float and leaves playgoers, in the words of one of Marianne Moore's poems, "strengthened to live."

— T.E.K.

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Environment

A Fallout of Nuclear Fear

New concern over the dangers of low-level radiation

During the early 1950s, parents in the little town of St. George in southwestern Utah often woke their children up at 6 a.m., hustled them to the top of Black Hill on the western edge of the community, and let them watch the mushroom clouds rising into the dawn sky over the atomic-bomb testing site in neighboring Nevada. When a pinkish-red cloud drifted over St. George hours later, the parents were not frightened; after all, the Atomic Energy Commission had assured them that "there is no danger" from radioactive fallout. Some parents even held Geiger counters on their children and exclaimed in wonder as the needles jumped.

A generation later, the awe has turned into fear. Studies now show that an unusually high number of those Utah youngsters exposed to nuclear fallout eventually died of leukemia. Similarly, there are indications of a high cancer rate among military personnel who observed the tests at close range. At the same time, other investigations are finding high incidences of cancer among the workers who overhaul nuclear submarines at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard in Kittery, Me. This evidence raises anew one of the most difficult questions of the nuclear age: What is the minimum threshold at which even seemingly low levels of radiation begin causing damage to the human body? While the U.S. has long since stopped nuclear tests in the atmosphere (although the Chinese and French have not), hundreds of thousands of Americans are exposed regularly to low-level radiation—aboard atomic ships and submarines, inside nuclear power plants, in research laboratories, or indeed at any time they get an X ray.

In one study Dr. Joseph L. Lyon of the University of Utah's Medical College found that the incidence of leukemia deaths among children aged 14 or less who were living in Utah counties along the fallout pathway during the 1950s was 2.4 times as high as the rate among people of the same age who lived in the same area before and since. Lyon's findings are not conclusive, since he had insufficient information to prove cause and effect in any individual death. In addition, the actual numbers are small: 32 leukemia deaths in high-fallout counties, vs. 13 that might normally have been expected. But if the increase was not caused by the fallout, he asks, "What else could account for it?"

Many Westerners whose families and friends were struck by cancer think the answer is self-evident. Former Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and other lawyers have filed 447 claims against the

Government since September on behalf of residents of Arizona, Nevada and Utah, seeking hundreds of millions of dollars in compensation for cancers allegedly caused by fallout.



G.I.s watching nuclear test in Nevada (1951)
Exclamations over jumping needles.

Poring over union records and death certificates in the Portsmouth case, Dr. Thomas Najarian, a Boston blood specialist, concluded in 1977 that the overall cancer rate among the workers was twice the national average; the leukemia rate was four to six times as high. His report inspired Roland Belhumeur, a retired Portsmouth employee, to start a list of cancer deaths among shipyard workers. His tal-

ly so far: 40 men, all aged 45 to 50, a level of cancer mortality that he believes is unusually high.

But do such statistics prove a cause-and-effect link between low-level radiation and cancer? To answer this and other questions about radiation hazards, President Carter in 1978 appointed an inter-agency investigative task force. Last week the team of scientists, lawyers and bureaucrats came to a troubling conclusion: while it conceded that researchers still cannot say for sure how much radiation is safe, it said that the amounts that they used to regard as safe apparently are not.

Speaking on the task force's behalf, HEW Secretary Joseph Califano admitted that "the incidence of leukemia produced by low levels of radiation may be higher than scientists previously thought." But the report added: "Because the clinical features of cancer do not reveal its cause, it is impossible to distinguish the few [people] with radiogenic cancer from the larger group whose cancer was caused by other factors." What is more, it usually is impossible to determine just how large a dose of radiation a victim received. Consequently, although Califano professed dissatisfaction with the recommended safe level of 170 millirems a year (Americans typically receive 70 to 100 millirems a year from medical X rays), he said that the Government does not have enough information to lower permissible emission. While scientists seek more definitive information, he is directing the Food and Drug Administration to step up its efforts to dissuade doctors from ordering any unnecessary X rays.

■ ■ ■
"The Federal Government has a considerable regulatory apparatus to prevent nuclear radiation poisoning. Nothing is being done about dioxin, and it is just as toxic and there is a lot more of it around." So complained Victor J. Yannacone, Jr., the lawyer who got DDT banned.

Last week Yannacone had reason to be pleased. Citing an "alarming" incidence of miscarriages among women in Alsea, Ore., where there has been considerable forest spraying, the Environmental Protection Agency ordered an emergency ban on two popular herbicides, both of which contain dioxin. One is 2,4,5-T, an ingredient of the Viet Nam defoliant, Agent Orange. The other, Silvex, is used in many popular weed killers.

The Dow Chemical Co., a major producer, denied there was any proof that in normal agricultural use the herbicides hurt humans and promised court action to stop the ban. But the EPA said it had no choice. Explained Deputy Administrator Barbara Blum: "The warning signals from the miscarriage study, the preponderance of strong animal test data and the low short-term economic impact compel emergency action. Taken together these facts sound an alarm."



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Science



View from the Voyager 1: the stormy southern hemisphere with two closest Galilean moons, Europa (left) and Io (in foreground)

Intimate Glimpses of a Giant

Rendezvous with Jupiter reveals a beautiful, violent world

Sething gases and liquids mask its rocky core. Its frigid atmosphere consists mostly of hydrogen and helium. Great cyclones and hurricanes swirl in its turbulent sky, with brilliant red and orange clouds constantly merging and breaking apart in ever-changing patterns. Often the turbulence creates trails of sinuous white vapors thousands of miles long.

The awesome, forbiddingly beautiful world is that of Jupiter, a planet so large it could swallow more than 1,300 earths.

Last week, after a journey of 18 months, a tiny visitor from earth streaked precariously close to the giant of the solar system, penetrating deep into Jupiter's powerful magnetic field and com-

ing within 278,000 km (172,400 miles) of the Jovian cloud tops. Back at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Lab, controllers waited breathlessly to see whether the plucky robot would survive that dangerous encounter. But even before Voyager 1 made its closest approach on Monday, the 826 kg (1,820 lb.) unmanned spacecraft sent home a trove of new findings about Jupiter, including evidence that its atmosphere is even more violent than anyone supposed. The craft also provided the most dramatic and detailed pictures yet of long-puzzling Jovian



features like the Great Red Spot.

Voyager 1 is not the first unmanned vehicle to make the 400-million-mile journey to Jupiter, but it is easily the most ambitious. Equipped with eleven different instruments, as well as both wide-angle and closeup cameras, it should not only complete a stunning reconnaissance of Jupiter but, by taking advantage of a favorable alignment of the outer planets, will also be able to survey another little-known world. Boosted by Jupiter's strong gravity, Voyager 1 will be catapulted out to Saturn by mid-1980.

Whether or not this technological gambit succeeds, the \$400 million project has already provided rich scientific dividends. Even before the drum-shaped spacecraft's first brush with the so-called bow shock region, where the Jovian magnetic field traps the solar wind, Voyager's sensitive instruments picked up a bewildering jet stream of frozen ammonia apparently traveling at 560 km (350 miles) per hour above the planet's clouds. Voyager also discovered a dazzling, doughnut-shaped cloud of electrically charged particles that formed displays similar to the earth's northern lights.

Yet it was Jupiter's stormy weather that caused the greatest excitement. Voyager's electronic eyes spotted dozens of storms across Jupiter's banded face. Most of them measure about 6,000 miles wide, far larger than their earthly counterparts. Largest is the Great Red Spot, a permanent hurricane with a maximum width as much as three times the earth's diameter. University of Arizona Astronomer Bradford A. Smith was both awed and puzzled by these storms. "It's as if each of these things has a life of its own. You can stretch them, deform them and even break them apart, and they still have an inner cohesion that keeps them together."

No visitor to Jupiter could, of course, neglect its moons, especially the four largest, which were discovered by Galileo in 1610. Higher-powered telescopes have since discerned at least 13 natural satel-



The planet's Great Red Spot from 5.7 million miles away; inset: closeup of Ganymede

lites, but little has been learned about them. Voyager is now lifting that veil.

Its photographs of Callisto, darkest and outermost of the Galilean moons, showed that this gloomy sphere may be at least half water. Ganymede also seems watery, but appears to have an ice crust and possibly a mud core. Remarkably, both moons are dotted with dark spots that some scientists are tentatively calling ice volcanoes—craters that spew ice instead of fire and lava. Still closer to Jupiter, Europa apparently hides a rocky core beneath its bright icy surface.

But the most curious of all these major moons is the innermost, Io (pronounced eye-oh). Roughly the size of the earth's own moon, it has reddish polar caps, a yellowish sodium cloud cover and a strange surface chemistry that may be a consequence of intense radiation bombardment. On its closest approach, Voyager will come within 18,800 km (11,650 miles) of this mysterious moon. Then, as Voyager sweeps away, its instruments will get glimpses of the other Jovian moons, perhaps even a tiny 14th moon, which was spotted several years ago.



The Big Cover-Up

North America's last solar eclipse of the century (right) was obscured by a cold gray cloud cover along much of the path of totality. But eclipse buffs near Roundup, Mont. (left), and other viewing areas in the U.S. Northwest and Canada were luckier. Armed with telescopes, cameras and other paraphernalia, they let out joyful whoops under mostly clear skies as the moon's shadow raced toward northern Greenland. It was an all too brief show—as long as 2 min. 36 sec. in Helena, Mont., less than a minute elsewhere—and a rare one. It will be a spell until the next U.S. performance: A.D. 2017.





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Economy & Business

China Faces Reality

Still much promise, but also worry about money and lower goals

Not since the turn of the century have so many Western businessmen been so determined to cash in on China's vast promise. The question both for outsiders and for the Chinese is whether the world's most populous nation can really modernize its poor and backward agrarian economy in a mere 20 years. That is China's ambitious goal, but economic realities have already forced Peking to reconsider some of its grand plans.

Last week Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal became the first U.S. Cabinet member since the normalization of relations to visit China; he hopes to arrange to help supply much of the products and technology that it needs. He established the outlines for a new trade pact and announced that the nagging problem of assets seized by both countries during the cold war had been solved.

For years, these "frozen assets" have been a major block to trade because the Chinese could not send ships or planes to the U.S. for fear that they might be confiscated under court orders. Now the U.S. has agreed to free blocked Chinese bank accounts totaling \$80.5 million, and Peking has agreed to pay just that amount against 384 separate American claims totaling \$196.9 million. The China payout is about 41¢ on the dollar, a settlement that is high by the standards of other similar U.S.-Communist pacts, but which is worth only about 15¢ per dollar in 1949 terms. The pact will permit the U.S. to help China with its development plan.

The initial eight-year plan, unfurled in 1978, set some Olympian goals, including a 30% increase in China's grain production, a doubling of steel output and the completion of 120 major new industrial projects by 1985. Today the general commitment to modernization remains, but there is apparently a shift in strat-

egies and priorities. The Chinese are suddenly worried about two key problems: 1) How to pay for the transfusion of technology that will be required? 2) How to absorb it into an economy in which education levels are low, "modern" machinery is out of date, and 70% of the labor force still toils in the fields?

Peking has agreed to buy nuclear reactors from France, a steel mill from Japan and oil drilling equipment from the U.S., and hundreds of other sales are under discussion. The cumulative import bill could easily exceed \$40 billion by 1982.

Blumenthal came under considerable pressure from his hosts to help China most-favored-nation status, which would cut U.S. tariff barriers. But China's immediate export potential is modest. The size of the country's mineral and oil reserves is uncertain, and they cannot be quickly exploited. Joint ventures will help, and the most likely schemes will give foreign companies a 49% stake if they put up the cash and expertise in exchange for a share of future production. Talks along these lines are already going on with major U.S. oil companies, which want to explore offshore. China already has credit lines totaling \$8 billion from the British and French, and will need perhaps as much as a total of \$40 billion over the next few years. But Peking is understandably cautious. Says Blumenthal: "They are determined not to overextend themselves."

Despite the prospects for profit in China, some bankers are wary of lending and some companies remain reluctant to plunge into joint ventures. They fear the future. It is not certain that the modernization program will survive the death of its architect, Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing, 74, and any hard-line successors might default on loans and seize foreign-

owned projects. Adds John McGillicuddy, president of Manufacturers Hanover Trust: "We don't go looking to lend to countries at war."

The problems of finance are small compared with the difficulties of absorbing the technology. China's ports and railways are old and cannot handle much more traffic; the work force is untrained and ill prepared. This is partly the legacy of the "lost decade" between 1966 and 1976, when the Cultural Revolution and the turmoil before Mao's death disrupted society. Universities were closed, the flow of new technicians dried up, and factory hands were forced to put down their tools and talk politics.

The price of these ideological upheavals was high. TIME Washington Correspondent George Taber, visiting China with Blumenthal, filed this report.

"Starvation has been wiped out, but the first overwhelming impression is of poverty and lack of development. At an electric generating plant outside Peking, workers labor to maintain machinery provided more than 20 years ago by the So-

Making textiles in Shanghai and growing wheat in Kiangsu, with considerable hand labor



Return of the Shanghai Kid

"When that flag was going up over the American embassy today, I couldn't help but think back on a scared 21-year-old kid waiting for hours to get into the U.S. consulate in Shanghai in 1947 just so he could talk to a Third Secretary about a visa for America. Someone would have had to be crazy to think that I'd be here now." So said Treasury Secretary W. (for Werner) Michael Blumenthal just after the U.S. embassy opened in Peking last week amid the popping of Chinese firecrackers and the fizz of Coca-Cola.

The return to China, as head of a U.S. economic mission, was a sentimental journey for Blumenthal. He lived in Shanghai as a refugee from Nazi Germany from 1939 to 1947, much of the time inside the European ghetto, twelve blocks long by five blocks wide, where his father was unable to find work and his mother sold cloth to dressmakers. "It was like the wild West, except that it was East. There were dog races, horse races, gangsters, pimps and whores. Americans were all but immune from the law. It was a cosmopolitan place, where you could buy and sell anything if you had the money." Blumenthal lived from starvation job to starvation job. He dragged bodies off the streets after the U.S. air raids during the war. He peddled huge sausages door to door. "You were always hungry. Carrying those bags full of sausages. The smell! It was all you could do to keep from grabbing one, but one bite was a day's pay."

Those years taught Blumenthal a technique that he used whenever he had to face powerful people after he arrived in San Francisco in 1947 with \$60 in his pocket. Said he: "I'd look at them and wonder how they'd survive in Shanghai if you took away their fancy offices and chauffeurs and the trappings of power." The tactic never failed, and Blumenthal never lacked self-confidence.

Two weeks before President Carter's announcement in December of normalization of relations, the Chinese invited Blumenthal to visit the People's Republic to discuss improving economic ties with the U.S. From the time he arrived in Peking, Blumenthal, who is sometimes a moody and distant man, was buoyant and lighthearted. Riding back from a meeting with Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing, whom he addressed by his name and title in Chinese, Teng Hsiao-p'ing *Fu-tsung-li*, Blumenthal giddily burst into a Chinese children's song. While his aides looked on uncomprehending, the Chinese security man and driver burst out laughing.

For the Chinese, a high point of Blumenthal's trip was his speech at the opening banquet in Peking's Great Hall of the People. To their surprise, the Treasury Secretary began with seven sentences of Chinese before saying, also in Chinese: "Now allow me please to continue in English." At the end he offered a six-sentence toast in Chinese, concluding with the traditional Chinese equivalent of bottoms up, *kan-pel*. Chinese officials were clearly honored. It was, they said, the first time in memory that a foreign dignitary had used their language in a speech.

Later Blumenthal flew to Shanghai and strolled through the ghetto to see the two mean rooms in the three-story house at 59 Chusan Road where his family lived and which his staff irreverently calls his log cabin. With street scenes triggering memory, he recalled how his mother would send him out every morning to buy jugs of hot water, and how there was never enough food. He pointed out theater after theater where he used to watch movies and dream. "If you could survive wartime Shanghai," he murmured, "you could survive anything."



Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal exercises his Chinese with Hua Kuo-feng

viet Union. At a nearby agricultural commune, horses work some fields, while men and women throw straw on the ground to protect the crops. Living conditions are often starkly primitive.

"The economy still staggers under the problems of the Cultural Revolution and the rampages of the Red Guards, when productivity in some plants dropped by a third. A manager at a heavy electric machinery plant near Peking complains that he still suffers from a lack of trained engineers. Now, workers on the job are surrounded by signs urging greater efforts. Chien Hsing-chen, 51, an assistant engineer who speaks English, proudly points to one reading SAFETY FIRST, QUALITY FIRST. Shyly, he notes that 'it is just like General Electric.'"

China is now lowering its development sights, and the eight-year goals for steel and grain have been quietly shelved. Last week Peking stunned and worried hopeful exporters when it announced that about 30 contracts already signed to buy \$2.1 billion worth of heavy machinery from Japanese companies would be held up and renegotiated. Pending U.S. deals have also been put on hold, and several businessmen have left for home ahead of schedule. Essentially Peking is seeking to rationalize and slow down its buying and switch growth emphasis away from heavy industry to energy and agriculture. "The Chinese have a very pragmatic approach," Blumenthal told a group of U.S. businessmen visiting Peking. "They are willing to amend plans when necessary and are anxious to learn from my experiences as a businessman. They almost talk like capitalists."

Once sacred Maoist principles are being abandoned for more efficient but heretical ideas such as industrial competition, higher incentive wages, and productivity bonuses. Private plots on which agricultural workers can raise and sell their own crops are making a comeback. Companies are now allowed to withhold some profits to invest as they wish. An editorial in the *People's Daily* urged further progress down the capitalistic road. "In the process of competition," it said, "a small number of enterprises will be eliminated because their products are of poor quality. What's wrong with that? It will encourage the advanced and retard the backward."

Yet China's task is staggering. Even if it maintained a 6% growth in G.N.P. between now and the year 2000, its per capita income still would not exceed the internationally accepted poverty level of \$1,000 a year. The country is starting its development struggle with a heritage of chaos, when the nation's economic machinery rusted and the human capital went untrained. It will take tremendous work and continued ideological flexibility to achieve even the more modest goals that have recently been set.

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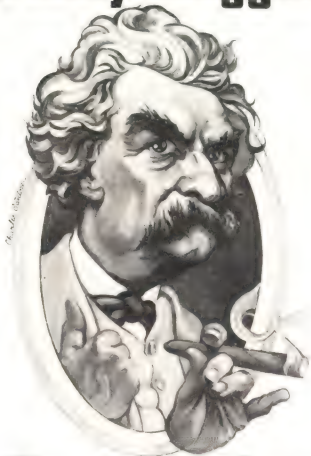
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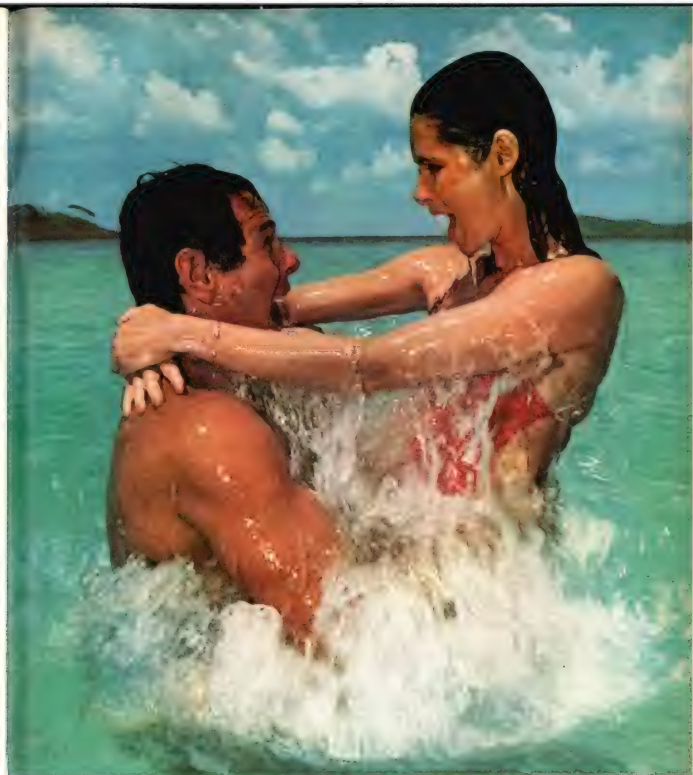
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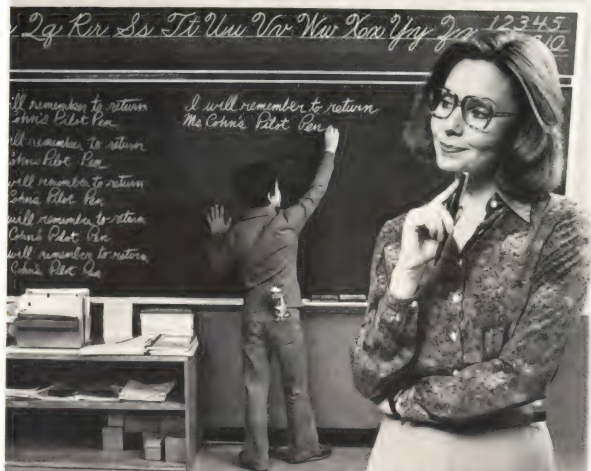
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A Better Idea?

Chrysler gets a Ford agency

Chrysler President Lee Iacocca repeatedly denies that he has been pirating former colleagues away from Ford, which sacked him in July. In fact, he makes his denials with all the sincere innocence of Captain Kidd. Last week, smiling broadly, he announced that the Kenyon & Eckhardt ad agency was quitting Ford after 34 years to take on the \$120 million Chrysler account. It was the largest account switch in U.S. history.

So secret were the negotiations between Iacocca and K & E Chief Leo Kelmenson that Ford executives got the news less than an hour before the public did. K & E hand-delivered a letter resigning the \$75 million account, which was roughly like kicking Ford out the door at 55 m.p.h. Meanwhile, Iacocca telephoned Chrysler's previous ad agencies—Young & Rubicam, BBDO and Ross Roy—to tell their bosses that they had had it.

The seeds of the deal germinated last month over a dinner that Iacocca had with his longtime friend Kelmenson. By the time Kelmenson reached for the check, Iacocca had dangled before him a 26% increase in domestic billings and a five-year no-cut contract instead of the standard 90-day termination agreement.

In addition, K & E got the right to put some of its employees on Chrysler's planning and marketing committees—an unusual coup for an ad agency. Except for some relatively minor scraps, K & E will handle all of Chrysler's advertising, a departure from the usual auto industry practice of having different agencies for different product lines. Says Kelmenson: "It's my dream of total involvement."

K & E had created Ford's "Better idea" and "Ford wants to be your car company" slogans, along with the famous "Sign of the cat" for Lincoln-Mercury. The theme at Chrysler will be engineering, and Astronaut Neil Armstrong will apparently remain as the corporate spokesman. Whether K & E will be able to improve the fading Chrysler quality image is a major question. Says a Detroit agency chief: "Iacocca could not quickly change the company's cars, so he changed what he could—the advertising."

Clearly, Chrysler needs a lift. It lost \$204.6 million in 1978, even though it earned \$43 million in the fourth quarter, entirely from nonautomotive businesses. All automakers except General Motors plan a series of temporary plant closings this month to reduce bulging dealer inventories, but Chrysler's is by far the largest shutdown. Four of its five domestic auto plants and one that makes trucks and vans will close for at least a week, idling about 20,000 workers. Says Iacocca of the switches amid shutdowns: "We have to get profitable, we have to carve out a niche in the market. And that's what this is all about."

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Why Taxpayers Are Sore

If it were not for a tightfisted great-aunt, Henry Bloch is convinced he would be just another Kansas City stockbroker today. The rich spinster rebuffed the ex-serviceman's plea in 1946 for a \$50,000 loan to launch a large company that would sell office services to small businesses; she only lent him \$5,000. Had she been more open-hearted, Henry Bloch believes, he and his brother Richard would have started too grandly and quickly gone broke.

The Blochs got another tough break—or so it seemed—some years later. By 1962 their H. & R. Block Co. was doing well enough in tax consulting to go public, but a big underwriter backed out at the last minute. The brothers were forced to keep most of the stock for themselves. Today they have by far the nation's largest tax-preparation firm, and the shares of President Henry, Chairman Richard and their families are worth \$81 million.

This season, more than 10 million taxpayers will go to H. & R. Block with all the gusto of visiting the dentist. So it is rather appropriate that Henry Bloch, 56, the chief executive and prime-time TV pitchman, looks like a small-town tooth driller. He is a direct, plain-spoken Midwesterner in a brown suit and brown shoes, the type of fellow for whom the word unpretentious was invented. For his prodigious charities and civic good works, fellow citizens named him Mr. Kansas City, but he hides most of his trophies and awards in a small, dark closet.

More than anybody else, Bloch knows the mood of Americans as the ides of April draw near. The 8,445 H. & R. Block offices and storefronts become confessional, in which Americans pour out their complaints, fears and frustrations (for an average fee of \$25) to the company's approximately 50,000 moonlighting teachers, accountants and other tax preparers.

Bloch's battalions tell him that tax tensions run high. "Talk of tax revolt has been grossly overstated," says he, "but it probably wouldn't take too much to trigger some type of rebellion." He frets that a demagogue may catch the public fancy by thundering for reducing taxes without reducing spending.

"People are mad because they don't understand the system," Bloch believes. "The old and the poor do not understand why they should pay anything to anyone. Retired people complain about paying taxes on interest income. Middle-income people feel that they are grossly overtaxed because Government programs are aimed at aiding lower-income people."

Nobody seems to have any idea how much taxes he pays in a year, Bloch finds. All each person knows is what is withheld from every paycheck. The loudest complaint is that the IRS tables did not provide for enough withholding in 1978, so many taxpayers still owe the Government money, and that hurts. Some people simply do not file returns and hope that the IRS does not catch them.

Yet Americans are basically honest, Bloch has learned, and few cheat. To the contrary, they want a trouble-free return, and they do not take chances because they fear being audited. (Only one in 50 will be, though the proportion rises sharply with income, so that one in ten \$50,000 earners will face an inquisition.) Americans choose to overpay rather than deduct an expense that might be questioned. Lower-income people are the most scrupulous of all because they are fearful of bureaucrats and bosses and worry about having to take off half a day from work to answer to an auditor. Upper-income Americans are more willing to take risks, in part because they can afford smart lawyers and C.P.A.s should they be questioned. But the scare talk about the three-martini lunch has made businessmen wary of deducting all their entertainment expenses.

For all its flaws, Bloch is persuaded that the U.S. system is fair and equitable, that the continual changes that make it maddeningly complex are generally improvements. "But what worries me most," he says, "is the bad and dangerous tendency to eliminate more and more people from the tax rolls. Today a married couple earning less than \$5,200 doesn't have to pay anything. I think that just to live in this country, you should pay some tax. I don't care if it's only \$1 a year. After all, you can vote. A lot of federal funds are being expended for your well-being. So you should contribute in some way. It sort of teaches you a way of living and being part of society."



Henry Bloch in office

Books

Speaking About the Unspeakable

GOOD AS GOLD by Joseph Heller: Simon & Schuster; 447 pages; \$12.95

Joseph Heller gets more miles per novel than any other American-made author. Consider the phenomenal efficiency of *Catch-22*, a book that continues to run on one joke. It is the old switcheroo, best expressed by Doc Daneeka when he tells Yossarian "that a concern for one's own safety in the face of dangers that were real and immediate was the process of a rational mind. Orr was crazy and could be grounded. All he had to do was ask; and as soon as he did, he would no longer be crazy and would have to fly more missions."

Eighteen years and one angst-guzzler later (*Something Happened*), Heller re-styles old reliable. Daneeka's catch-22 is now Potomac newspeak and the Doc himself is reincarnated as Ralph Newsome, a presidential aide who attempts to lure Bruce Gold, Ph.D., into Government service. Gold, a college professor, has caught the President's eye by favorably reviewing the Chief Executive's book, *My Year in the White House*. You can do and say anything you want, says Newsome, "as long as it's everything we tell you to say and do in support of our policies, whether you agree with them or not. You'll have complete freedom."

Gold is hardly shocked. He is no stranger to double-think. A literary hustler whose interest in Government is a sham, he does not even vote, a fact "he could not disclose publicly without bringing blemish to the image he had constructed for himself as a radical moderate."

The image does not con everyone. His father treats Gold as if he were a delinquent child; his daughter nails him as a philandering skunk; and his wife seems to feel he is not worth getting excited about. All three are correct. In Washington, however, Gold is hailed as the coin of the phrase. "You're boggling my



Joseph Heller

Viewing Washington as Kafka Komix.

Excerpt

"We considered beginning you as a press aide, but one of the first things the boys from the press would want to know would be where does someone like you come off being a press aide. Would you like to work as a secretary?"

"It's a far cry from what I had in mind," said Gold stiffly. "I can't type."

"Oh, not *that* kind of secretary," Ralph laughed. "I mean—" he groped—"what do you call it? The Cabinet. You wouldn't have to type or take shorthand. You'd have guys... to do that for you. Would you like to be in the Cabinet?"

Gold was more than mollified. "Ralph, is that really possible?" he asked incredulously.

"I don't see why not," was Ralph's reply. "Although you might have to start as an under."

"An under?"

"An under is a little bit over a deputy and assistant. I think, but not yet an associate. Unless it's the other way around. Nobody seems sure any more."

mind," and that innovative answer to journalists' questions: "I don't know."

Yet beneath the family squabbles and Art Buchwald routines, *Good as Gold* is a savage, intertemporally funny satire on the assimilation of the Jewish tradition of liberalism into the American main chance. It is a delicate subject, off limits to non-Jews fearful of being thought anti-Semitic and unsettling to successful Jewish intellectuals whose views may have drifted to the right in middle age.

Heller, who is neither a Gentile nor a card-carrying intellectual, goes directly for the exposed nerve. *Invite a Jew to the White House (and You Make Him Your Slave)* is the title of an article Gold planned to write before receiving his own invitation to Washington. Once there, he is constantly reminded of his background. Take this exchange with a Connally-type Texan: "Now, Gold. Everybody here is a somebody, and I don't know why you're being so capacious about who it is you are. He is the Spade, she is the Widow, I am the Governor and you're the—'Doctor' yelled Gold in time to ward off a crushing repetition of that denunciatory term."

Even Harris Rosenblatt, raised with Gold in Brooklyn and now a homogenized bureaucrat, gets in a lick. "I used to be Jewish, you know," says Rosenblatt. "I used to be a hunchback," says Gold. "Isn't it amazing," says Rosenblatt, "how we've both been able to change?"

Gold, in fact, does not change, despite Heller's facile attempt to conclude the novel with a hint of cultural reconciliation. Which is just as well. For Gold works best as a caricature in a burlesque about hypocrisy, jealousy and status lust.

The trouble with *Good as Gold* is that Heller is never content to stay with Washington as Kafka Komix. He insists on ventriloquizing bleak pronouncements on the state of the union: "Gold knew that the most advanced and penultimate stage of a civilization was attained when chaos masqueraded as order, and he knew we were already there." Or, "No society worth its salt would watch itself perishing without some serious attempt to avert its own destruction. Therefore, Gold concluded, we are not a society. Or we are not worth our salt. Or both."

It is well to remember that this comes from a character who does not even vote. In addition, pretense to imaginative fiction is frequently dropped for *ad hominem* attacks on real people: Irving Kristol, Sidney Hook and Henry Kissinger, for example, are branded as men "of limited mentality and unconvincing motive."

The unfortunate effect of such invective is to obscure Heller's strength as a connoisseur of absurdity. When his novel is as good as gold, it is a stinging satire etched in acid. The rest of the time, it is only a polemic finger-painted in bile.

—R.Z. Sheppard



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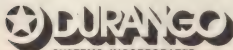
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Len Deighton

Ungreened Isle

SS-GB

by Len Deighton

Knopf; 344 pages; \$9.95

It is one of the marvels of this century that the Germans did not conquer Britain in World War II. To this day, Englishmen wonder how they would have fared and behaved as an island extension of the Third Reich. The premise of Len Deighton's absorbing new novel is that there would always have been an England, even under Nazi rule.

The year is 1941. Winston Churchill has been executed. The King, rescued from the ruins of Buckingham Palace, is imprisoned in the Tower of London. The Queen and their two daughters are in exile in Australia. Thousands of Britons have been deported to work in German factories. A puppet government is ensconced in Westminster, but the Nazis jackboot the country as roughly as they ran occupied France. In Britain, too, there is a tough Resistance movement, as well as profiteers who will provide any quo for a quid.

How does an honorable Englishman comport himself? Deighton's engaging, complex hero, Detective Superintendent Douglas Archer, 30, carries on, tackling the tricky homicide cases for which he is celebrated (the Pimlico bread knife slaying, the Great Yarmouth seafood murder). Now, however, Oxonian Archer and his boozy, street-smart assistant, Detective Sergeant Harry Woods, are working directly under Gruppenführer Fritz Kellerman, senior SS officer and police chief of Great Britain. Unlike his compatriots, the Yard man is free to move around at will in a prewar Ralston automobile; he gets German-issue cigarettes, frequent dollops of real Highland Scotch, and attends fraternal parties at which the occupiers, and collaborationists from bed, board room and *Burke's Peerage*, shamelessly down quantities of beluga caviar and champagne.

Because he keeps the murder rate down, Archer keeps receiving such indulgences from Kellerman, a deceptively jolly Bavarian who affects the tweedy foibles of an English squire. Inevitably, it is bruited about that the Superintendent is Gestapo; he narrowly escapes two assassination attempts by the Resistance.

But the Super's upper lip remains stiff until, on the trail of a London killer, Douglas locates a clandestine German atomic installation on England's south coast. Struggling to find his bearings in a maze of intrigue and counterintrigue, Archer joins a Resistance conspiracy to spirit the King out of the country and the atomic secrets into American hands. Things do not work out that simply. No Len Deighton plot ever does. In his unraveling, the author of *The Ipcress File* and *Furber in Berlin* produces a series of memorable set pieces. In one celebrating German-Soviet Friendship Week (Hitler had decided not to invade the Soviet Union), there is an attempt to disinter the bones of Marx from his Highgate resting place for reburial in Mother Russia; old Karl gets no closer to Moscow than he did in his lifetime.

The atmosphere of occupied England is limned in eerie detail, even to the signs outside fashionable shops and restaurants saying JEWISH UNDERTAKING. In fact, Deighton's ungreened isle frequently seems even more realistic than the authentic backgrounds of his previous novels. He has also assembled a pulsing cast of characters in which the Nazis for a change are human and susceptible. For good local reasons, *SS-GB* is Deighton's biggest-selling book yet in England. For better reasons, it is on its way to becoming a worldwide classic of the "What If?" genre.

—Michael Demarest

Notable

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA: A MODERN DOCUMENTARY HISTORY

Edited by Elliott Anderson and Mary Kinzie; Pushcart Press; 770 pages; \$25

The 84 literary periodicals recalled in this lively chronicle range from *Parisian Review*, left-wing and loudly ideological at its birth in 1934, to *Paris Review*, a sleek '50s expatriate now based in New York. An entry on John Crowe Ransom reports that the poet started the *Kenyon Review* because he thought *Parisian Review* too flashy. Robert Creeley, founder of the *Black Mountain Review*, says that "to be published in the *Kenyon Review* was too much like being 'tapped' for a fraternity." United only in their dislike of New York publishing and each other, the little magazines were starting points for Hemingway, Faulkner, Philip Roth, Joseph Heller—and just about every other significant American writer of the past half-century.

Sadly, as the editors of the 1940s, '50s and '60s point out, the literary gadflies have lost much of their sting. The un-

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Books

derground has become fashionable: everybody has joined the avant-garde and Allen Ginsberg has joined academe. Lacking the diehard convictions of their elders, most of the 1,500 little magazines now being published print anything and wind up sounding the same. "The multiplication of poets sort of leaves my mind blank," says Poet Karl Shapiro, former editor of *Poetry*. In many ways this collection of essays is a retrospective; editors like Robie Macauley, formerly of the *Kenyon Review*, fear that the little magazine is "rather like a Conestoga wagon in the day of the automobile."

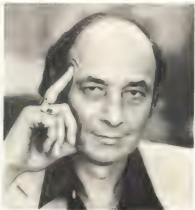
LITTLE LIVES

John Howland Spyker

Grosset & Dunlap, 211 pages; \$10

Like its literary antecedents, *Spoon River Anthology* and *Winesburg, Ohio*, John Howland Spyker's *Little Lives* consists of sketches: hard, brilliant line drawings of small-town Americans. With a roving eye for bawdy detail, Spyker (pseudonym for Poet and Novelist Richard Elman) compresses each life into a tidy epiphany; an individual is captured with an anecdote or gesture, an eccentricity or epitaph. Judge Fury collected wives and knives. "P.C.B." Terry, who once took a swig of that carcinogenic chemical, spent the rest of his life growing tomatoes that no one else dares to eat. Hypolite Hargrove made a small fortune concocting cocaine-spiked fruit drinks savored by Mark Twain and Jenny Lind.

Each biography is enlivened by a macabre whimsy: a man is steamed alive "like a lobster" when his car wash malfunctions; children are fed meals of worms; decent folk fall victim to robbery, infidelity and bad genes. Spyker reports it all, creating a community from the disparate characters as well as a portrait of the narrator, an "outlander... struck more by bits of detail than the total sepia haze of the picture: by odd names or locations, specific items and photographs that have survived, the price paid for caring."



Richard Elman, a.k.a. John Howland Spyker

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We're of the opinion that it's not just what you do, it's how you do it. And, at the Ambassador East, we do things very well. The world renowned Pump Room is here. So are Dimensions of the Ambassador East, a glittering new disco, and the swank Ambassador East Bar. A handsome group of

function rooms awaits your smaller meetings and banquets. Guest accommodations are positively plush. And discreetly impeccable service assures your total satisfaction.

Come, taste the good life at our vintage hotel.

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Visit the other Dunfee/Classic Hotels: The Parker House, Boston, MA, and The Berkshire Place, New York, NY (opening February 1979).

Ten opportunities

Camcar offers industry opportunities to fight rising costs with problem-solving fasteners and cold formed metal parts from 10 specialized engineering and production centers.

Textron's Camcar Division has the unique capability to tackle fastener and assembly problems with any of 10 teams of specialists. Each team, working in its own plant, is specially equipped to provide precision-engineered solutions to fastening problems. This makes possible a fast, expert response to specific customer needs.

Other unique capabilities stem from basic design developments, such as Camcar's TORX® Fastener Drive System. It is used throughout Camcar and licensed world-wide to leading fastener manufacturers.

Because of its broad acceptance, you can now find fasteners with the TORX Drive System in new cars, appliances and other products where the need for reliability is recognized.

Here's how Camcar is organized into problem-solving teams to find new cost-saving, quality-enhancing opportunities in fastening; some of them, perhaps relevant to your needs.

RAYCARL PRODUCTS

Camcar engineers have greatly expanded the horizons of cold forming metals with the patented Raycarl® Process. It provides an efficient way of mass producing special fasteners and parts that can be complex, precise as well as strong and durable — everything from seat belt bolts, to sophisticated parts for the aerospace industry.

LARGE DIAMETER RAYCARL PRODUCTS

The LDR Products facility has recently perfected techniques which provide a capability of cold forming parts in never-before-possible sizes: up to 3½" in head diameter and 14" in shank length.

ELK CREEK RAYCARL PRODUCTS

This Virginia facility specializes in producing smaller-sized, custom-engineered cold formed parts widely used in the automotive, appliance and telecommunications industries.

TORX PRODUCTS

The TORX Product Group has adapted the unique TORX configuration to Strux® Clinch Studs, that provide firm anchoring without welding, eliminating many production and environmental problems. They also give car makers new ways of fastening metal to plastic, reducing weight and improving mileage on new cars.

TAPTITE PRODUCTS

Self-tapping screws for metal and plastic help simplify production, cut costs and improve product integrity. Camcar customers are making these fasteners pay off in everything from heavy-duty farm equipment to miniaturization in hand-held calculators.

SEMS PRODUCTS

The Sems plant is the world's largest facility exclusively devoted to making fasteners with pre-assembled washers, collars or springs. Various designs help to lock, to seal, to insulate or to securely clamp wires in place. The results are simplified assembly, easier repair and reduced inventory.

DRILLTITE PRODUCTS

Unique cold formed and milled points on Drilltite® drill screws make them the premier self-drilling, self-tapping screw in a broad range of industries. They drill, tap and fasten in one quick, economical operation, providing improved products at lower costs.

SOCKET SCREW PRODUCTS

A full line of Socket Screw Products made to Camcar's standards of precision, toughness and finish are now available through leading distributors nationwide.

AMERICAN SCREW COMPANY

One of America's oldest and most respected lines of standard threaded fasteners — for all types of material — American Screw Company products are found in hundreds of uses throughout industry and in many leading hardware stores.

TECHNICAL CENTER

At the Technical Center, Camcar specialists work to identify problems and develop solutions across the entire range of threaded fasteners and cold formed parts. Their success is demonstrated by the fact that most of Camcar's current products have been developed through innovation within the last five years — to make the things you buy safer, less costly and longer lasting.



Raycarl Products Rockford, Ill.



Sems Products Rockford, Ill.



Large Diameter Raycarl Products Rockford, Ill.



Drillitite Products Decorah, Ia.



Elk Creek Raycarl Products Elk Creek, Va.



Socket Screw Products Decorah, Ia.



Torx Products Rochester, Ind.



American Screw Co. Wytheville, Va.



Taptite Products Belvidere, Ill.



Technical Center Rockford, Ill.



CAMCAR TEXTRON

Camcar Division of Textron Inc.

600 Eighteenth Avenue, Rockford, Illinois 61101 815/226-7721

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Books

STAR WITNESS

by Richard Kluger

Doubleday; 471 pages; \$10.95

In his novel, *Members of the Tribe*, and in *Simple Justice*, documenting the 1954 Supreme Court decision on school segregation, the legal system has been an inspiring force for Richard Kluger. His latest novel, *Star Witness*, traces the life and crimes of Feminist Lawyer Tabor Hill. A woman with a hair-trigger wit, she could give lessons in politics to Machiavelli. An affair with a judge, a partnership in an exclusive firm, legal aid to the poor—she does it all, and she does it well. So does Kluger, who knows the layout of the corridors of small-city power down to the decibel level of the lunches.

Tabor's pivotal case arises when the politicians and legal establishment attempt to do her in: Gabriel Zampa, an eccentric sculptor builds three Watts-like towers jutting out of the tan wasteland, "Cause eve 't'ing aroun' was gettin' ugly." The city orders them demolished, but Tabor argues that they are works of art. Craftily, the city hires Ellen Trask, a woman whose credentials are even more formidable than Tabor's, and with the ceremony of gunfighters, the two legal amazons go at it. Tabor wins, but neither she nor the towers are safe from predators. In the end she is pregnant and jobless, but Kluger makes sure that she is not quipless. Pondering an abortion, the expectant mother muses, "The Law is my shepherd, I shall not flaunt."

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. War and Remembrance, *Wouk* (1 last week)
2. Overload, *Hailey* (2)
3. The Stories of John Cheever, *Cheever* (3)
4. Chesapeake, *Michener* (4)
5. Evergreen, *Plain*
6. The Sixth Commandment, *Sanders* (6)
7. Secrets, *Bailey* (10)
8. Fools Die, *Puzo* (8)
9. Second Generation, *Fast* (9)
10. The Coup, *Updike* (7)

NONFICTION

1. Lauren Bacall by Myself, *Bacall* (1)
2. Mommie Dearest, *Crawford* (2)
3. The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, *Tarnower & Baker* (4)
4. A Distant Mirror, *Tuchman* (3)
5. Linda Goodman's Love Signs, *Goodman* (6)
6. American Caesar, *Manchester* (7)
7. How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, *Ruff* (5)
8. In Search of History, *White* (8)
9. If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?, *Bombeck* (9)
10. The Culture of Narcissism, *Lasch*



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General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.

WHAT'S IN LIFE FOR MARCH?



March 1979/\$1.50

Art Heists:
They're Stealing the
Pictures off the Walls

U. S. Olympic Hope
Gymnast Kurt Thomas

Mexican Oil:
So Much, So Close—
So Hard to Come By



Lesley-Anne Down—sexy, saucy and talented

A lot of everyone, everywhere and everything. You come in like a wolf and come back like a Hair. You bird-watch. You canal-skate. You art-sleuth. You cross a century. You honor unsung heroes. You really get around in LIFE's March issue.

Take the bird-watch. That's for Lesley-Anne Down, Britain's brightest bird of prey and play. If you loved her as Georgina in *Upstairs, Downstairs*, you'll go through the roof over her performance in *The Great Train Robbery*. So, since you know what she looks like, find out what she's really like.

Then come scout the 60's musical turned '79 movie by screen-testing *Hair* in five lively color pages of song and dance. For a change of pace, take a photographic trek to the Old West of the 1870's—and catch the same scenes today with 1970's camera techniques. Next, study the ten most wanted *stolen* works of art—and six more lifted in the U.S.—just in case you should come across one at an auction. Then honor hometown heroism in the stories of twelve Americans whose bravery will make you proud of being human. And turn to the animal kingdom—for some startling evidence (and great pictures) that the much maligned wolf has some foxy behavior patterns. And just for fun, race over to Holland, Hans Brinker-like, for a day's skating on the frozen canals. Take an oil survey of Mexico, a tour of Boston's bright new waterfront, and a journey *into* the human eye.

In short, have a wonderful tour through LIFE's pages and pictures. You'll enjoy every minute of it—and all the conversations growing out of it.



The Big Picture



THIS SPITFIRE WENT TO MARKET.



AND THIS SPITFIRE WENT TO TOWN.

There's something about a Spitfire that brings out the pure joy of driving—any type of driving.

It could well be the practical side of Spitfire. A seven-cubic foot lockable trunk and storage space behind the seats. The incredible 24-foot turning circle (over seven feet shorter than a VW Rabbit) which makes parking a breeze. And the optional electric overdrive transmission.

Perhaps the reason is as simple as the convertible top,

which makes Spitfire one of the few classic roadsters.

Or maybe it's the competition proven sports car features of Spitfire. Fully independent suspension, front disc brakes, a rugged 1500cc engine, rack and pinion steering, and radial ply tires. And Spitfire's record of 13 national racing championships.

Whatever the reasons, it seems that Spitfire drivers naturally seem to have more fun.



For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700. In Illinois call 800-322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

TRIUMPH SPITFIRE
JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT.

National Smoker Study:

Merit Science Works!



Low tar MERIT with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco delivers taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar brands.

The 'Enriched Flavor' science of low tar MERIT, 12 years in the making, isolates and fortifies flavor components of smoke for a taste way out of proportion to tar. Can that taste satisfy the toughest critics of low tar smoking—current smokers of high tar cigarettes?

Read the results from a detailed, nationwide research effort involving smokers who taste-tested MERIT against leading high tar brands.

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! Cigarettes having up to twice the tar.

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

And in interviews conducted among current

© Philip Morris Inc. 1979

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT smokers:

Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands.

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

MERIT has proven conclusively that it not only delivers the flavor of high tar brands—but continues to satisfy!

This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT science has produced what it claims: The first real taste alternative for high tar smokers.

MERIT
Kings & 100's